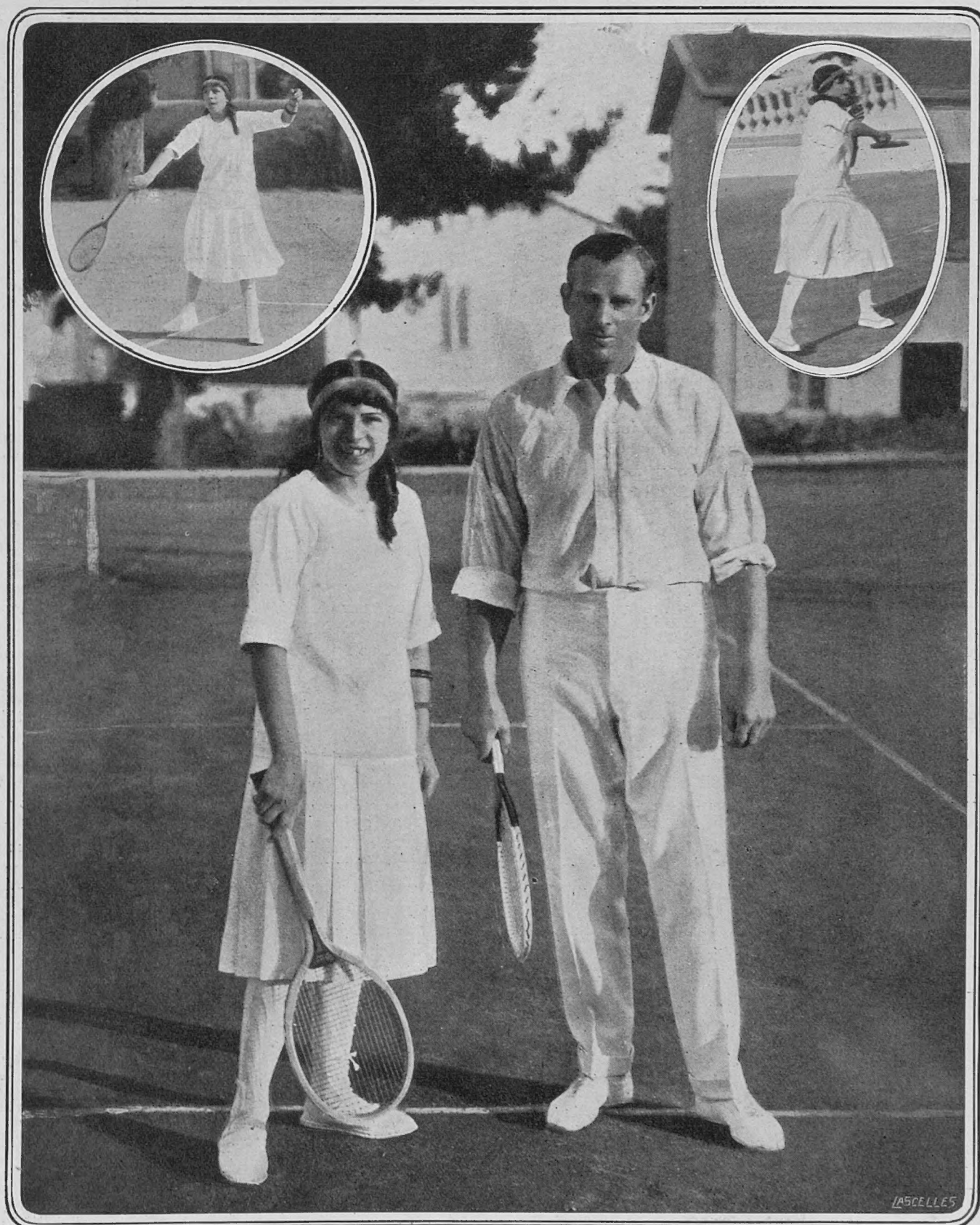


The Sketch

No. 1096.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

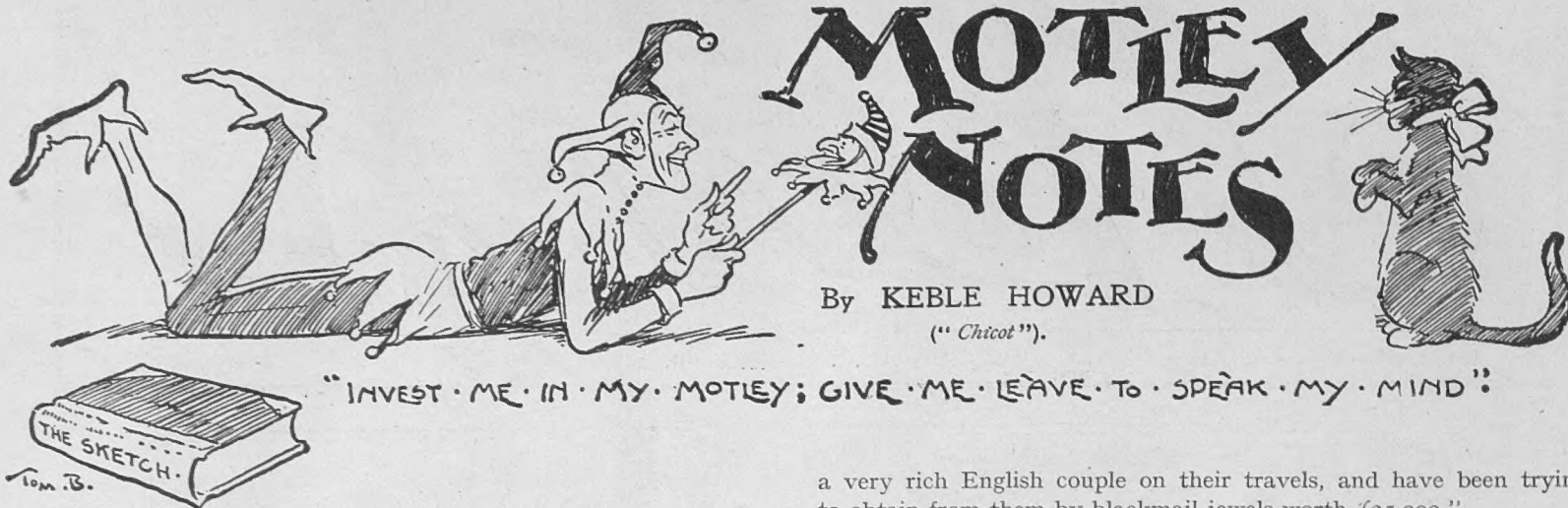


THE YOUNG PRODIGY AND THE GREAT PLAYER HER PARTNER FOR CERTAIN GAMES: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN, AND MR. A. F. WILDING, AMATEUR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION.

A new star has arisen in the lawn-tennis firmament, in the person of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, a fair-haired girl of fifteen, who has had remarkable success against older players in recent International Tournaments on the Riviera. In 1912, Mlle. Lenglen won the Singles and the Doubles Provincial Championships of Picardy. Soon afterwards she took the Lille International Cup. She was the first French lady player to win the Le Touquet Cup, and this year she has already won the Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships

of the Nice Lawn-Tennis Club and of the Carlton Club, with Mr. Wilding as her partner; and also the Beau Site Cup at Cannes. She took up lawn-tennis three years ago, and is described as a strong player with a sound return. Her volleying is well timed; her smash is first class; she excels at the net; her endurance is remarkable, as when she won a match which lasted 2½ hours against Mrs. Colston, lady champion of Wales, at Wimereux last year. One day, possibly, she will be champion of the world.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood and S. H. March.



Sentimentality Hideously Punished.

I made a terrible mistake the other day, friend the 'reader—a mistake so serious that it will probably rob me of all pleasure in the coming summer. Let me, at any rate, set you on your guard.

Whilst I was dressing one morning, I suddenly saw, on the window-sill of my dressing-room, a huge wasp. It was not buzzing. It was not, apparently, a joyous wasp. The poor thing went heavily to and fro against the window-pane, and seemed to be imploring me to let it out into the free air. I felt sorry for that wasp. In the summer, I kill as many wasps as I can. Armed with a folded copy of the *Daily Telegraph*, my favourite weapon, I slash strenuously about me in all directions. Smash go plates, and cups and saucers, and egg-cups, and vegetable-dishes, but no matter; at the end of the contest, the wasp lies dead among the masses of broken crockery.

In the winter, however, one has not the same vindictiveness. The enemy has observed the truce for so long that one has forgotten one's hatred of him, and that was why I felt sorry for this wasp. "Poor creature," I said to myself. "It is left all alone in the world. It cannot have long to live. These last hours shall be happy ones." Opening the window, therefore, I gently waved it forth into the outer airs. All day long I felt better for having performed that simple, kindly act. I went about exuding benevolence.

The Terrible Sequel.

Now comes the terrible sequel. Taking up a daily paper this afternoon, my eye fell on a letter from Mr. Prevost Battersby, the well-known war-correspondent, who is, naturally, a great authority on the wasp-world.

"In reply to your correspondent's question," wrote Mr. Battersby, "as to the first appearance of a queen wasp, I have records of five queens appearing in January, the earliest on the 12th, during the last twelve years within twenty miles of London. They all alighted on or beside the writer in a revolving summer-house in the open air, on sunny but by no means warm days, and, after resting a few moments, flew off again."

At once I saw the enormity of my offence against society. I had deliberately allowed a queen-wasp to fly away with her millions of unborn subjects. Think of it! A whole wasp-kingdom had been in my power—councillors, Army, Navy, Members of both Houses, members of all the learned professions, together with the ordinary humdrum subjects—and I had let it exist! Such is the reward, the awful but fitting reward, of mid-winter sentimentality.

I can, for what it is worth, plead ignorance, so that I am less blameworthy than Mr. Battersby. He, it appears, has calmly allowed no less than five queen-wasps to bring their pain and death-dealing families into the world! They all alighted on or beside him, and then flew off again. Well, his neighbours must deal with him—as mine, I suppose, will now deal with me.

"Blackmail by Python."

There is a very beautiful little story, in the same paper, of robbery up to date. Here it is—

"Two jewel-thieves who were arrested yesterday had with them a half-starved python, with which they intended to frighten the British couple whom they were following into parting with their jewels. The thieves, it is alleged, have for years been following

a very rich English couple on their travels, and have been trying to obtain from them by blackmail jewels worth £25,000."

This delightful story solves one of the mysteries of my life. I have always heard, from my youth up, of the sorrows of the rich. And, since I attained the age that examines into things for itself, I have tried to discover why the rich were so sorrowful. They do not look sorrowful; they look, as a rule, rather less sorrowful than the poor. Yet there must be some sort of foundation for a saying that has been handed on from parents to children for countless generations.

Now, of course, one understands. If two thieves are going to devote their lives to tracking down the modest possessors of jewels supposed to be worth £25,000, and even go so far as to carry a python with them for frightening purposes, how must it feel to be a millionaire? I suppose millionaires are followed about the world by hundreds and thousands of thieves, all armed with every possible species of reptile under the sun. I suppose a millionaire never wakes in the night without finding an alligator on one side of the bed, a crocodile on the other, and three or four boa-constrictors leering at him over the foot; whilst a chorus of harsh voices bellow in his ears, "Yer jewels or we set the bloomin' Zoo on yer!"

That must be a most unpleasant life, and has quite cured me of my intention to amass a vast fortune. In the meantime, let me congratulate the stout-hearted English couple who, though followed over the world for years by these miscreants with the hungry python, still cling to their bits of glass and refuse to be intimidated. A fine race, the English! Pythons, forsooth! It would take more than that to part us from our tie-pins and brooches, you foolish fellows!

By the Way.

I wonder, by the way, how these thieves have managed to live all the years that they have spent in pursuit of this couple? Even thieves with pythons cannot travel for nothing, and they must have travelled many thousands of miles. Hotel-bills, no doubt, could easily be settled by producing the python at the right moment, prodding it with a match, and letting it walk towards the waiter with the salver. But you can't very well set your python at the booking-clerk every time you want a railway-ticket. You might do it once with success, or even twice, but the trick would become known if you played it often. It would be imitated. Everybody would buy a python who had a taste for foreign travel.

That is the worst of these little stories in the daily Press. We people who live by writing stories have to finish them: it is not always easy to finish them, but we have to do it. Editors insist on the stories being finished. It may be better art, they say, to leave stories unfinished, and it is certainly much easier, but the readers expect the stories in their magazines to be finished. The daily papers are not so exacting. They are constantly printing stories that take you halfway and then drop you down in a desert. And we put up with it. We tolerate in a daily paper what we would never tolerate in a sixpenny magazine. Certainly, a magazine costs sixpence, whereas a daily paper costs a penny at the most; but you spend hours over a magazine, and you have finished with your daily paper in five minutes. So that is not the reason.

Anyway, when I have time, I shall take up this story of the blackmailing python, and I shall finish it as I think fit. It will be a happy finish if possible. The thieves may repent them of their ways, and the lion-hearted English couple may sleep in peace, and the python may be married. If I can work it out on those lines, without too great a sacrifice probability, I will. But I promise nothing. The end may be diabolically sad. The python may die.

NICE LIVING-PICTURES — PRONOUNCE "NICE" EITHER WAY.



1. "THE CUP."

2. "SUMMER."

3. "AN ORANGE-SELLER."

4. "A KISS."

5. "BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

These charming photographs illustrate Tableaux Vivants given at a Nice hotel the other day in aid of the Sailors' Home. Crowded houses saw the living-pictures on two days—houses which included all the chief English and American residents and visitors. The entertainment was organised by Mrs. J. Wiseman Keogh and Mrs. Dulaney Hunter, wives of the British and American Consuls.

THE NEW TOUCH IN FANCY-DRESS: COSTUMES AT THE THREE



1. MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS THE FUTURIST DRAMA.

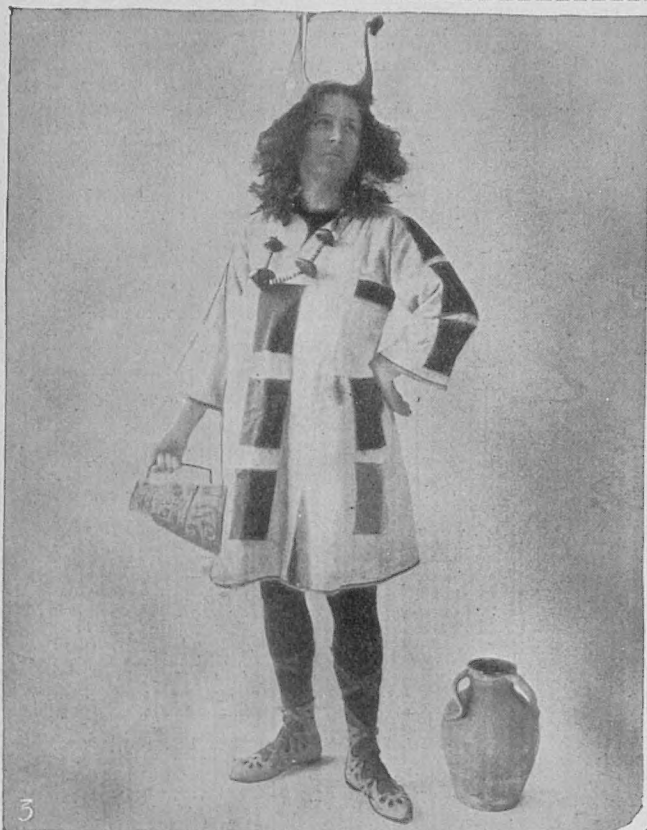
2. MRS. MANN AS MODERN FASHION.

5. MISS ESTHER BROWN AND MISS HESTER WEBSTER AS A QUAIN PIERROT AND PIERRETTE.

6. A "TWIN" WITH MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE: MISS LENA ASHWELL AS THE FUTURIST DRAMA.

In connection with the very successful Three Arts Ball held at Covent Garden the other day, there was much talk of Futurist dresses. Quite a number of the costumes, wigs, and head-dresses worn by those present did to some extent realise the work of Futurists, but many more showed the influence of Léon Bakst and others of his school, to say nothing of that great interpreter of the weird, Aubrey Beardsley. Two features of the

ARTS BALL OF FLASHLIGHT MEMORIES AND TAVERN BREAKFAST.



3. MISS GEORGINA HAMILTON IN SOUDANESE COSTUME.

7. MR. BERNARD CREWDSON AND MISS MARJORIE HARLAND AS RED REVELLERS.

4. MR. AND MRS. CARL LEVEL AS LOUIS XVI. PIERROTS.

8. MISS SINNOTT AND MR. C. EGERTON KILLICK AS FIGURES FROM STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.

function. may also be mentioned—the series of "Flashlight Memories" which revealed well-known actors and actresses in famous characters, and a Tavern Breakfast, given at 3.30 in the morning, of devilled bones, eggs-and-bacon, sausages and mashed potatoes, and beer. The "Flashlight Memories," which had been organised by Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Graham Browne, were remarkably successful.

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED.

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LEWES EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0 & 10.0 a.m., 12.0, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45 and 9.55 p.m.; London Bridge 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2.0, 4.5 5.5, 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, and 9.13 p.m. Trains to Lewes and Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m., 4.30, 5.45 (not Sats.), 7.45 8.45 p.m., and 12.15 midnight (Weds. and Sats.). † Not to Lewes.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.25 a.m., 1.35, 3.55, 4.53 6.15, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.20 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50 and 7.15 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight. † To Isle of Wight Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays only.

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ZOTOS

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Eighty-Four (from October 8 to December 31, 1914) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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Marjorie. Marie Russell. 6s.
Canadian Camp Life. Frances E. Herring. 3s. 6d.
WERNER LAURIE.
My Bohemian Days in Paris. Julius M. Price. 10s. 6d. net.
Wet Magic. E. Nesbit. 6s.
The Way of the Cardines. Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s.
Atlantis. Gerhart Hauptmann. 6s.
South Sea Shipmates. John Arthur Barry.
HEINJ MANN.
The Story of Chanticleer. Adapted from the French by Florence Yates Hann; Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. 6s. net.
Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures. With an Introduction by Sir A. Quiller-Couch. 15s. net.
The Possessed. Fyodor Dostoevsky. 3s. 6d.
Letters from Lâ-Bas. Rachel Hayward. 6s.
Man's Miracle. Gérard Harry. 3s. 6d. net.
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Art in Flanders. Max Rooses. 6s. net.
The Perfect Wife. Joseph Keating. 6s.
BELL.
War and Women. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. 3s. 6d. net.

GRANT RICHARDS.
The Eighteen-Nineties: A Review of Art and Ideas at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. Holbrook Jackson. 12s. 6d. net.
CHAPMAN AND HALL.
Melutovna. Hannah Berman. 6s.
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Melton and Homespun. J. M. M. B. Durham and R. J. Richardson. 7s. 6d. net.
The New Punto Tagliato Embroidery Supplement. L. and R. Tebbis. 7s. 6d. net.
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WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN—FOR ATTAINING THE ROYAL HIGHNESS OF 1200 FEET.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin went up as a passenger in a hydro-aeroplane at Nice the other day, and rose to a height of 1200 feet. She is the second daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.—Last week we "hatted" Frank Moran "for being a White Hope though in the same 'box' as Jack Johnson." Mrs. K. Hardren was a White Hope only in masquerade; that is, at the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden.—The rumoured dissensions in the Cabinet on the

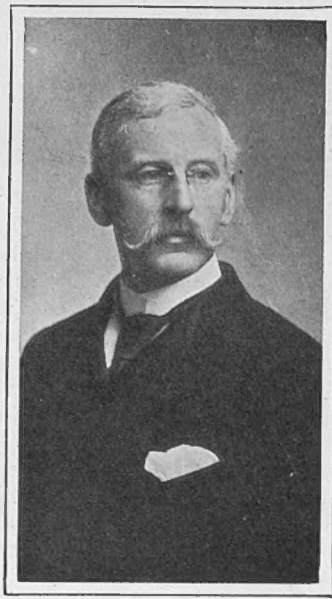


MRS. K. HARDREN—FOR BEING A "WHITE HOPE," THOUGH NOT IN THE SAME "BOX" AS JACK JOHNSON.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—FOR KEEPING HIS END UP IN THE NAVY v. DAVID MATCH, AND BEING ABLE TO KEEP SMILING.

Navy Estimates, notably between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, did not come to a head at the recent Cabinet meeting, when the subject was postponed. The First Lord and the Chancellor afterwards "took tea in company" at the Admiralty. While there's tea there's hope.—Sir Hildred Carlile, M.P. (Unionist) for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, has given 100,000 guineas to the Bedford College for Women as a memorial to his mother.



SIR HILDRED CARLILE—FOR GIVING 100,000 PROOFS OF HIS FAITH IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Photographs by Jagerspacher, Newspaper Illustrations, G.P.U., and Russell.



THE ATHLETES OF RHEIMS—FOR SHEDDING EVEN MORE FEATHERS THAN THE JACKDAW OF THAT ILK, AND PREFERRING BATHING-DRAWERS TO FUR-LINED OVERCOATS, EVEN WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND.

At the Collège d'Athlètes, at Rheims, there are some Spartan individuals who, not only in summer, but in the depth of winter discard all attire except bathing-drawers for athletic purposes. Our photograph shows them racing round a snow-covered track.—Lieutenant J. W. Seddon, R.N., made a splendid over-sea flight



LIEUT. J. W. SEDDON—FOR HIS GREAT FLIGHT ON "THE MECHANICAL COW."

from Sheerness to Plymouth (350 miles in 7½ hours with one stop) to take part in the search for the lost Submarine, "A 7." The machine he used, a Maurice Farman water-plane, is nicknamed "the Mechanical Cow" on account of its steadiness and reliability.—[Photographs by Loth, and Russell, Southsea.]



THE KING OF SPAIN—FOR ADDING THE ALFONSO GLIDE FOR SKATERS TO THE THRILLS OF WINTER SPORT.

The King of Spain, keen on all forms of outdoor sport, is an enthusiastic skater. In our photograph he is seen on a lake at his country residence near Madrid.—Tom Hayward, the famous Surrey batsman, was married the other day to Miss Matilda Emma Mitchell. She is a well-known detective. Our photograph shows them



TOM HAYWARD—FOR TAKING A WIFE WHO CAN KEEP HIM UNDER OBSERVATION, AND MRS. TOM HAYWARD, FOR CATCHING A GREAT BAT.



MR. M. C. BIRD—FOR SECURING A "DUCK" IN A MATCH NOT ARRANGED BY THE M.C.C.

leaving the Registry Office at Clapham Junction.—Mr. Morice Bird, Surrey's ex-captain, and a member of the M.C.C. team in South Africa, has become engaged to Miss Violet Millar, daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Millar, who was a well-known barrister at Durban.—[Photos by C.N., Illustrations Bureau, and Sport and General].

LATER LONDON: THE NEW SUPPER CLUBS: II.—MURRAY'S.



1. SHOWING THE DANCING-FLOOR: IN THE SUPPER-ROOM.

2. MEMBERS AND GUESTS AT MURRAY'S: IN THE CHIEF SUPPER-ROOM.

As we remarked last week, London is in the midst of another new movement. It is evident that she desires to keep later hours, or, at all events, she is growing resentful of the fact that the authorities ring the curfew at night at so early an

hour, comparatively, that it is difficult to find reasonable time for supper in restaurants or hotels, especially as plays are finishing later than they used to do. Hence the supper clubs; for at all of these, of course, members may sup until they please.

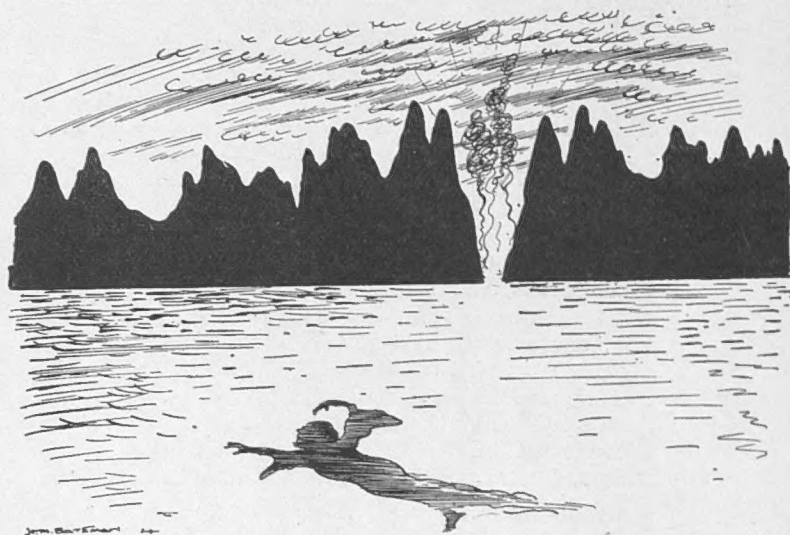
Photographs by Fradelle and Young.



A JAPANESE "LA TOSCA": MELODRAMA IN A MAGNIFICENT SETTING.

"The Darling of the Gods." There were moments during the performance of "The Darling of the Gods" when I felt that I was a kind of super-Futurist, one of those wild creatures, a sort of Bakst-eria, pining for dramas without words. For the play by Mr. David Belasco and Mr. John Luther Long would have been quite jolly without the dialogue—and there is far too much of it. Man wants but little here below, nor wants that Luther long, was my feeling, for they do talk a lot. I have just been reading some pretentious tosh in an American magazine, in which platitudes are uttered pompously under the title, "The Meaning of the Theatre," and it is by Mr. David Belasco, who is described as "the great author." What a pity that a little of the greatness is not manifest in the book of "The Darling of the Gods," and that, instead, one gets such an intolerable quantity of repetition of this sort of thing: "I honourably request your supreme condescension towards my contemptible household," and of bending knees by people towards one another, and lumbering references without any poetical inspiration to the stock clichés of pseudo-Japanese conversation. However, there is quite another aspect of the matter, for the play written round the scenery is an exciting kind of melodrama leading up to thrills about geishas and torture. Apparently the Japanese, like their neighbours in China, have a pretty taste in torture and know how to do things that feel as if a dentist had curved his kind of crochet-needle round a live nerve and was pulling it out—or as if you had a real knotty, high-class cramp in the calf of your leg; and they can do them for hours at a time! Indeed, I have quite given up any idea of visiting the Land of the Chrysanthemum, for fear lest some reactionary Japanese should experiment upon my *corpus vile*. Bhr-r-r-r! Even the thought of the geishas doesn't counteract this idea. Perhaps I am growing old; anyhow, I have a prejudice in favour of being buried complete—a sentiment no doubt inherited from my early Christian ancestors, who believed that in the hereafter we awaken in our corporal bodies. You will find this clearly indicated in "Paphnutius," the tenth-century drama by Hroswitha, produced the other day by the Pioneer Players. By the way, do you know the famous old story of the argument concerning this form of resurrection during which one of the disputants, as a poser, asked what became

would sound a mere cacophony to my uninstructed ears, with queer little dances that might not suggest the poetry of motion to me, and do it all in a manner delightful to the Japanese and to the travellers. We know those travellers—people who tell you that you can get good coffee anywhere in France, that the French bread is delicious, and that they revel in the *vin ordinaire* of the Gallic



"THE LOST LADY CHANNEL-SWIMMER!"

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

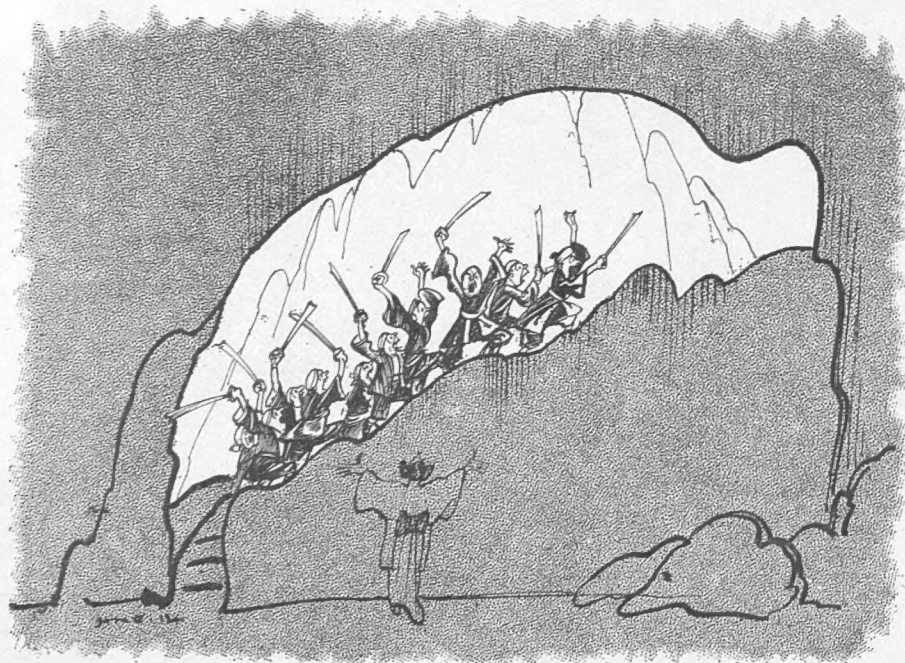
hotels! But Princess Yo San, the Darling of the Gods, is not a geisha, though she wanted to be in her child-like innocence; and here I pause to hint that it is a calumny to suggest that all the geishas wear their *obis* in front. She was really a very respectable young lady, with quite orthodox Anglo-American views, although she sheltered a wounded, handsome Prince for forty days of twenty-four hours a piece, in her private apartments. Poor little Princess, whose earthly passion was thwarted, who was driven into extremely

melodramatic situations that reminded one of the great episode in the life of La Tosca. There is, however, a difference between Sardou's work and the play revived at His Majesty's, for in the former, the Sicilian torture-business was so horribly thrilling, or so thrillingly horrible, that some of the critics complained that it was too painful to be legitimate; whilst when the fisher of carp and Prince Kara descended to the torture-chamber, we remained unmoved. Indeed, it was only when Miss Lucy Wilson, who deserves far better employment, exhibited violently, but cleverly, her terror at the thought of the agonies awaiting her, that our blood deserted its customary little *train-train*.

A Splendid Spectacle.

No, it is as a spectacle that the play will take you, with its gorgeous pictures of Japanese interiors, its crowds of quaint, sometimes beautiful costumes, its grim, menacing figures of hate, its gay jigs and its pretty transparencies. Moreover, the telling of the effective story is of considerable importance. Herbert is quite at his best in the part of Zakku, a wicked, cruel, sensual old Minister, with an oily manner and a kind of fiendish humour. He played every aspect of the character to perfection, and one cannot easily forget his study of the Japanese Scarpia. Miss Marie Löhr is one of our most delightful actresses of comedy—indeed, the ideal for some characters; but Yo-San, with which she struggled bravely, was rather too melodramatic for her style, and we only had moments of the real, fascinating Marie Löhr. Mr. George Relph was a fairly impressive Prince Kara, without all the necessary suggestion of power. The most Japanesque person was dainty Miss Irene Clarke; Messrs. P. Merivale and A. E. George played very well. However, the great attraction lies not in the acting, apart from Sir Herbert, but the splendid scenic effects, which beat even the record of His Majesty's.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"THE SAMURAI LEAVE FOR PARADISE."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

of the Christians who were eaten up by lions, and received no better answer than that very few Christians meet with such a fate.

The Geishas. And yet the thought of the geishas is tempting, but I daresay they do not really fulfil the stories of travellers; some, no doubt, are fascinating, and would sing their little songs—which I should not understand—to a music that

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."



"I HAVE A LITTLE SHADOW": SIR HERBERT TREE AS ZAKKURI AND MR. A. E. BURTIE AS IT AND OTHER CHARACTERS IN THE JAPANESE PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Bateman's caricature of Sir Herbert Tree and his shadow in "The Darling of the Gods" with the photograph of the same pair (Sir Herbert as Zakkuri and Mr. A. E. Burtie as It) on another page in

this number. Our quotation is from Stevenson's lines: "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him is more than I can see. He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



LADY VICTORIA PERY.

MR. HAMEL'S passenger was born just twenty-one years ago. She celebrates her coming-of-age in her own way.

Instead of accepting an illuminated address from the tenantry, returning thanks at a high tea in the Hall, she loops the loop. The illuminated-address-and-high-tea view of life is not that of every modern girl—nor, to do the peasantry of Limerick justice, is it one much indulged by a people that often forgets to touch its forelock to the gentry. For one thing, the forelock is never in position!

Sky-Larking. Nevertheless, when Lady Victoria's brother, Lord Glentworth, comes of age next year, he will be expected to conform to certain dull conventions. He must not run the risk of being unpunctual and of slighting the cake by flying upside-down to the celebrations at Dromore Castle. It is the modern girl, rather than the modern boy, who goes sky-larking. While Lord Glentworth was painfully living according to a time-table at Eton, Lady Victoria Pery was learning that the real adventure of the twentieth century is to be born feminine. Even if you are not a Christabel, there is the responsibility of deciding, while you are still in your teens, that there is something more exciting in life than breaking windows.

An Irish Childhood. Ireland makes a good playground. To be an Earl's only daughter, a De Vere Pery, is not so paralysing in County Limerick as it sometimes proves to be in the nurseries of a sheltered English county. The King of Spain has confessed to an Irish friend that the tragedy of his early life was when he had to exchange his Irish nurse for an English governess. Before she left, the Irish nurse had taught him how to sing "The Wearing o' the Green" like an Irishman; and Lady Victoria Mary Pery (a name that carries one's thoughts to a palace in Madrid) has learned many things that are good to learn from her surroundings at Dromore and Pallaskenry.

An Environment of Adventure. There is much more to be had from Irish scenery and Irish life than the casual Englishman imagines. He sees the rather slovenly scenery, the dilapidated villages, and the Blarney Stone. Then he draws his own deductions. The things he can't see are the things that Lady Victoria Pery has learned to love—and one of these is the poetry that makes the people of Erin reckless and generous and

gracious and extravagant. And Lady Victoria herself is a type of British girlhood that is all the more delightful for an indefinable strain—not of brogue, or rebelliousness, or of poetry even—but an indefinable strain of something (let it rest at that) that does not belong to a type more purely English. It marks her out as a leader in any game; it is heard in her laugh and in her talk. It also sets her flying.

Degrees of Recklessness.

It need not here be claimed for her that she is prettier than other pretty girls, though she belongs to the group that is always provoking the unwary to superlatives. But she is more vivid. When she says that she does not care for the idea of flying alone because she would be tempted "to do stunts" in the air she confesses to a temperament that is not content with mediocre achievement. She has been flying in harness (that is to say, strapped in Mr. Hamel's machine) for a year, and has had time to plan all sorts of tricks and evolutions that might be attempted if her hands were on the levers. Ordinary flying is already commonplace for her; but she has the sense to know that her own first attempts at extraordinary flying would mean a broken neck. Her imagination is vivid enough to know that some sort of caution is necessary. Even if she takes risks in the hunting field, and goes through the killing experience of five hunt balls in a week, she draws the line at what she calls "the dead cert." of leaps and tangoes in the air.

The Family.

To one who saw him from time to time at the Carlton, Lady Victoria Pery's grandfather was the last man in the world to suggest the flying spirit. He seemed to be stability itself: a man who might, like Mr. Dooley, have said that he would never believe in a flying-machine until it laid an egg. Not even metaphorically did he approve of standing on the head, the position which Mr. Bernard Shaw adopts permanently in Max's caricature. And

if he had lived a little longer, and been confronted, not with eggs, but actual experiments in aviation, he would, like an earlier Irish peer, have had his doubts about a personal adventure. Lord Carlingford, the peer in question, went so far as to invent a machine in the early part of the nineteenth century, and he invited the population of Kilkenny to watch his first flight.

What Next? But

at the last moment his pluck misgave him. He got one of his retainers to mount the machine instead. When it was pushed off from the high platform erected for the purpose, it "flew" so quickly to earth that the retainer's leg was broken. Lady Victoria Pery has more pluck—or, as she puts it, she has

no nerves. "The jelly sort of feeling" that everybody experiences on a first flight she long ago overcame. Where on earth, or in the heavens, can she turn for a new sensation?



THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

Before her marriage, in 1890, Lady Limerick was known as Miss May Irwin, daughter of Mr. Joseph Burke Irwin, formerly Resident Magistrate, of Stalleen House, Drogheda.

Photograph by Poole.



AS A CHILD: LADY VICTORIA PERY—AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

Lady Victoria, who was born in 1893, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick. Modern portraits of her appear in our Supplement. Her brother, Viscount Glentworth, was born in 1894.

Photograph by Lafayette.

ENJOYING A PLACE IN THE SUN: SOCIETY ON THE RIVIERA.



1. AT MONTE CARLO: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK.
2. COMING AWAY FROM THE BANK: LORD HENRY SEYMOUR.
3. ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO: LORD CHEYLESMORE (ON THE RIGHT) AND MR. E. TUCK.
4. AT THE NICE RACES: GEORGES CARPENTIER, THE FAMOUS BOXER.
5. RECENTLY INVOLVED IN A WATER-PLANE ACCIDENT: BARONESS VAUGHAN.

As usual at this season, the Riviera is full of those fortunate people who are able to enjoy "a place in the sun." The photographs of Lord Cheylesmore and Mr. Tuck, M. Georges Carpentier, and Mr. Cunliffe, were taken on the day of the Grand Prix at the Nice Races—always a great event of the Riviera season. Lord Cheylesmore, who has

6. AT THE GRAND PRIX AT NICE: MR. CUNLIFFE, A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN.
7. LEAVING CIRO'S: MR. BOWER ISMAY (ON THE RIGHT) AND MR. POYSER.
8. "LILY LANGTRY" LOOKING AS CHARMING AS EVER: LADY DE BATHE.
9. A FAMOUS ACTOR: MR. FRED TERRY, TALKING TO MR. BATCHELOR, AT MONTE CARLO.

one of the finest villas in Cannes, has since returned to London. Baroness Vaughan, who was, of course, the morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, had the exciting experience of being wrecked in a water-plane at Beaulieu-sur-Mer the other day. She came to shore in a motor-boat.—[Photographs by Navello.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

NOTHING is so sure a sign of a more or less tranquil day in the Royal Family as the absence of a Court Circular the next morning. There have, since Christmas, been several blanks at the top of the column of social news, but there will be very few in the near future. The move to Windsor Castle made the difference. The holding of a Privy Council, at which Lord Parmoor of Frieth for the first time heard his title properly spoken, by the most accomplished Clerk of Council; and the dining of M. Cambon, Count Benckendorff, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis de Soveral (who still holds the precedence accorded a Foreign Minister), and Lord and Lady Derby, helped to fill out the duties of a day that meant, not a blank, but at least half a column of the *Times*.



TO MARRY THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON TO-DAY (JAN. 28): THE HON. RICHARD LEGH.

Mr. Legh is the elder son of Lord and Lady Newton, and was born in November 1888. He is an Honorary Attaché at Constantinople.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

his famous portrait of Thomas Cromwell was too vague to give very much opening to the malcontents. Interviewers were unable to drag either buyer's name or price from him, so that nobody was able to say he had no right to sell to America or that he had been greedy, even when rumour had fixed the price at £30,000. His own way of putting off the inquirer was to say that for once the Caledonian Market had not proved an extraordinarily cheap one.

Heavenly Reversing.

There are a whole host of recruits for Lady Victoria Pery's topsy-turvy honours, and if Mr. Gustav Hamel were willing to fill up a programme of passengers he could have done so three or four times over at Lady Desborough's Taplow Court ball. But he had another sort of programme to fill, and the best compliment he got during the evening had nothing to do with his flying triumphs. It came from a partner who had not associated his name

with revolutions in the air: "You reverse divinely," she said.

At Taplow Court.

The great dance at Taplow Court was well within reach of the motoring Londoner, and though the return along frozen roads in the early hours may have taxed chaperoning endurance to the utmost, the whole adventure was to the liking of the young person who can never settle down between the last dance and breakfast. It was the habit last year for a small group of indefatigable maidens—the Secret Society of the Sleepless—to speed out, after a town dance, to some suburban hostelry before going to bed. But that was much later in the season, when poached eggs could be eaten in the glow of a goodly dawn. It is safe to say that nobody pulled up

the other morning on the way from Taplow. It was not properly light until half-past eight, and by that time the invitation of the road and the inn had lost its great attractiveness.

A Field of Operations.

Four Peers, three Ambassadors, and all the Archdeacons are clambering off the sick-list. It has been a week of recoveries. Miss Asquith was able to get to the Riviera in very quick time; and other "pendy" patients are progressing with the speed and regularity that now mark the convalescence from the most ordinary of complaints. The curious thing is that the cold weather has given as much work to surgeons as to physicians. Mayfair, besides being the headquarters of influenza, has been a very successful field of operations. The address, by the way, from which Lady Grey-Egerton's bulletins have been issued brings home the fact that even

Park Lane has now its private hospital.

Lord William of the Baskets.

The Lord William Cecil who has been admitted to the Freedom of the City of London through the Company of Basket-makers is not the Lord William Cecil whose son has been admitted to the freedom of the Gaiety Theatre by way of the green room. He belongs not to the family that has its head in the Marquess of Salisbury, but to the Exeter group. There is, as it happens, no make-believe in Lord William's association with the Basket-makers. It has been noted that there is something singularly un-fishmongery about members of the Fishmongers' Company, and that to feast with the Fanmakers is to feast among men of distinction in all sorts of other arts and sciences; but Lord William's is a perfectly genuine case. He is keenly interested in the art of basket-making—in its antiquity and in its utility—and has traced its history back to Ancient Egypt, before the days of editors and waste-paper.

The Poet Laureate's Guest.

Yone Noguchi talked to it about English poetry. It is one thing

to be an Englishman and belong to a highly respectable evening-dress association formed for the consideration and criticism of Japanese art and life; but it is quite another thing to have the tables turned on you by a very strong-willed young man from the Land of Cherry-Blossom. Mr. Noguchi comes to England via California; there is a strain of San Francisco in his manner. At present he is visiting the Poet Laureate and lecturing in Oxford, where the undergraduate will, for once, see a Japanese who pays the West the compliment of gravity. Mr. Yone Noguchi has none of a habit which, to our eyes, is curiously characteristic of his race: he does not keep smiling.



TO MARRY THE HON. RICHARD LEGH TO-DAY (JAN. 28): THE HON. HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

Miss Meysey-Thompson is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Knarborough, and was born in 1889. The wedding is to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.—[Photo. Lallie Charles.]



TO MARRY MR. JOHN CHURCHILL CRAIGIE, ONLY SON OF THE LATE "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS": MISS MARY DUFF STIRLING SMURTHWAITE.

Miss Smurthwaite is the daughter of the late Mr. B. W. Smurthwaite and of Mrs. Smurthwaite, of 25, Emperor's Gate. Mr. Craigie is the only son of Mr. R. W. Craigie and of the late Mrs. Craigie, who was so well known as John Oliver Hobbes.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MISS EDITH ISABEL JUDD: LORD HOLDEN OF ALSTON.

Lord Holden, the second Baron, who was born in January 1867, is a widower.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY LORD HOLDEN OF ALSTON: MISS EDITH ISABEL JUDD.

Miss Judd is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bertram Judd, of Rickling, Essex.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE WATCH - DOG (NEW STYLE).



THE PEKINGESE: What d'you make the time? We must have been here at least a couple of hours.

THE POODLE: Yes, quite that. I expect she's changing something.

DRAWN BY FRANK HART.



SHOULD A WOMAN PROPOSE?

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THIS is one of the easy little problems Sir George Alexander is setting before us in "The Attack," and every Sunday in the columns of the *Observer*. Should a woman propose? And why not, if the woman has enough pride to do so? It reads like a paradox, but it is not. To begin with, there is no such thing as a paradox. Truth is like a snake biting its tail—to her there is no beginning and no end. Pride is not the I-can't-stoop-to-do-that feeling, but, on the contrary, the comforting faith—I-being-straight-can-safely-stoop. The only women who propose to men are the proud and self-appreciative—they do not beg, they bestow. When Renée, the heroine of "The Attack," tells Mèrital she loves him, she simply expresses the very proud thought, "Here is my youth and my beauty and my newness—all this I offer you because I happen to love you." Only great courage and great pride can help woman to climb over the wall of tradition.

When Mme. Georgette Leblanc - Maeterlinck cried aloud in a crowded drawing-room to the genius who was to become her husband, "Master, oh Master, I love you!" how sure she must have been of her beauty, of her talent, of her very voice! Oh, the pride of those who dare be humble! It is for the rest of our sex—the merely vain and the simply coquettish—to plan, scheme, hide and hint, provoke and pursue, with closed lips and drooping eyelids. All huntresses are not Dianas of the arrows—most

of them prefer the use of traps and nets. And, man's eyes having been made by benign Nature so as only to see the obvious, man runs headlong into the net woman has spread, lifts it up with a touching cheer of victory. "By Jove, at last I have caught her!" And the woman smiles, talks a great deal, and says nothing—but that she makes clear, she admits that man has *conquered* her!

It takes a very fine man to appreciate courage and frankness in a woman. Most men are inclined to resent those particular qualities in feminine breasts: they feel vaguely they are being cheated out of privileges granted to them alone. Man's indulgence for what he calls the minor frailties of woman springs not of his tolerance, but of his vanity. He excuses in a grown-up woman petty dishonesties, lies, treacheries which would fill him with indignation in a boy of fifteen. The boy, you see, will become a man; woman, whatever her age, will remain "only a woman, don't you know." He does not expect big qualities from her—and he seldom gets them. Most of us weak, variable humans rise or descend to the level of the opinion formed of us, as mercury under the heat.

To come back to marriage proposals, there are two ways—two legitimate ways—of getting what you want. One—the most direct,

the straightest, and the most difficult—is to ask for it. The other is to manage so that what one wants should be offered to you—it is the less noble, and the more easy. It is the way of women and of diplomats, also of clever buyers and business people. To the masculine mind the words "womanly" and "wily" are synonymous—only they have never thought about it. Should a woman propose? By all means; but, before doing so, she must be sure not only of herself, but of the man she proposes to. Nine men out of—nine will misunderstand her. They will be nonplussed at the absolute simplicity of the process. They will accuse her at the back of their low-roofed minds of throwing herself at their head; they will blame her education, her mother, and the age in which we live. Their love for her, if they do love her, will be diminished; her prestige also will. But then, I am not saying this to discourage straightforwardness in

women. If one never did anything, except with the absolute certainty of being understood, there would be no books, no plays, no words, no glances, no smiles—and no charity! But thank God for the generously imprudent! Without such, there would be stagnation. I have heard that nowhere as in China, where civilisation is paralysed as well as ancient, has everybody such an awful if polished distrust of everybody else. Prudence may be the mother of Safety, but not a mother to be proud of! She is small and slow, mean and inquisitive; she is for ever look-



DECIDEDLY POLITICAL—AT LORD LONDONDERRY'S ULSTER RESIDENCE: A HOUSE-PARTY AT MOUNT STEWART, CO. DOWN.

Standing (from left to right) are Colonel Pakenham, who was rumoured awhile ago as a likely officer for the Co. Down division of the Ulster Volunteer Force; Lieutenant-General Sir George Richardson, General Officer commanding the Ulster Volunteer Force; Lord Londonderry, President of the Ulster Unionist Council; Sir Edward Carson, leader of the Ulster movement and to be a leader of the Ulster Unionist Council directing the Provisional Government in Ulster, if one should be set up; the Duke of Portland; Lady Londonderry; Captain the Hon. Arthur O'Neill, M.P., elder son of Lord O'Neill; Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, K.C.B., D.S.O. Seated (from left to right) are Lady Annabel O'Neill, wife of the Hon. Arthur O'Neill and daughter of the Marquess of Crewe; Lady Maud Rolleston, wife of Sir Lancelot Rolleston and aunt of the Earl of Carnwath; the Duchess of Portland; and the Countess of Kilmorey.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

ing over her shoulder in an undignified way; her hand-shake is tepid and her kiss half-hearted.

One cannot love well and wisely. There can be no glorious flames without the love of one's ships. There is no prudence in love, though neither can there be absolute truthfulness and self-revelation. He who loves much is no longer himself, but he whom he would like to be, he who the loved one imagines him to be.

There is just now in Paris a new play by Mr. François de Curel called "Dancing Before the Mirror," which deals with that tragic failure—or, who knows? perhaps blessed failure—of lovers to know the being they love. I have not seen the play, but only read the theme; to me it can easily be explained by this intense desire for unity, communion, absorption that obsesses whoever loves really. "Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God," is a protestation reeking of egotism.

"Thy people *are* my people, thy God *is* my God," is the protestation and the belief of anyone who loves. Whosoever loves is at heart a renegade, burning what he had adored, adoring what he had burned—and by that I do not mean photographs, locks of hair, and *billets doux*, but him himself, his old self. Love is a Renaissance.

After the Tango—What? Guides for the Next Dance Craze.



FROM ARGENTINA TO THE LAND OF ORANGES AND BULL-FIGHTS: DANCES OF THE NATIONS:
 No. III.—THE "CACHUCA-FANDANGO-BOLERO," FROM SPAIN.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FIGHTING SOUTH AFRICAN BATTLES OVER AGAIN—IN CALIFORNIA:



BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES. THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR RE-FOUGHT FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



THE BATTLE OF WAGGON HILL: BRITISH ARTILLERY ON ROUGH GROUND.

These remarkable photographs, representing episodes in the South African War, form part of a cinematograph film recently produced in California. One of the producers had himself fought in the war, and he discovered that parts of the Californian landscape bore a strong resemblance to the veldt and mountains of South Africa where the real battles took place. Consequently the film version of the war is wonderfully realistic. Several hundred soldiers and civilians took part in the production, and the films were first shown at Glendale, California, by the Kalem Company of America. It is expected that they will be shown over here some time

Photographs supplied by the M.P. Sales Agency from

SCENES OF THE BOER WAR PRESENTED ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



BOERS FIRING AT BRITISH TROOPS: THE BATTLE OF BOTHA'S PASS, AS FOUGHT ON THE FILM.



THE BATTLE OF BOTHA'S PASS: ANOTHER FILM PHASE OF THE ENGAGEMENT.

next month. The story of the play tells of a young officer who, just before the war breaks out, takes the blame for a theft to shield his sweetheart's brother, the real thief. In order to realise his desire to go to the front, the disgraced officer enlists as a private, and greatly distinguishes himself in a number of encounters with the enemy in South Africa. Later on, his sweetheart also goes to the front in the capacity of a hospital nurse, and her brother, who has been wounded, confesses his guilt, and by so doing clears the character of his Quixotic comrade.

films produced by the Kalem Company of America.



CHAT BY CATON: A FAMOUS ARTIST'S MEMORIES.*

The Sacred German "Cloth." "Caton" has led the crowded life. His book does not disguise the fact. We have recollections of student days and of maturer years—of places and peoples, of things comic and serious, of Düsseldorf, and Scutari, Africa and India, and other mothers of memories, of royalties and lords and commons—none of them dull and many of them illuminating—and, in addition, something of that remarkable being, the German officer of the "don't-laugh" type. Recent doings at Zabern, indeed, lend special point to several of Mr. Woodville's stories, notably that about a lieutenant stationed in Düsseldorf in the late 'seventies. "Düsseldorf," writes our author, "was a garrison town. . . . In the restaurants certain rooms were always reserved for them and their friends; these were not private rooms, but it was an understood thing that no one was allowed to sit there unless by permission of the officers. When I was there, it happened that a Jew banker from Frankfort, named Oppenheim, was living at Düsseldorf. He was on very friendly terms with the garrison, and used to have supper at the officers' tables. One night he was having supper by himself, and at a table close by were several young officers, and both civilian and soldiers were more or less happy. Presently a lieutenant, who was pretty far gone, said: 'It is a pity, Oppenheim, that you should be a Jew. You are almost good enough to be a Christian.' He got up, and staggered across to Oppenheim's table with a full glass of champagne in his hand. 'That is how I christen a Jew,' he said, pouring the wine over Oppenheim's head and face. Naturally, Oppenheim was furious, and as he, too, had been drinking a bit, he took up his plate and threw the contents right in the aggressor's face, saying: 'And that is how I christen a lieutenant!' The officer at once drew his sword and attacked Oppenheim, who snatched up a chair and tried to defend himself. But the lieutenant was mad with rage at the insult from a Jew, and Oppenheim had to retreat into a corner, where the lieutenant drove his sword through the chair and Oppenheim and into the wall. The unfortunate banker died almost at once, and the lieutenant was tried by court-martial for murder; but as Oppenheim had insulted the cloth by saying: 'This is how I christen a lieutenant!' instead of merely mentioning him by name, the murder became justifiable homicide, and the lieutenant got off with a year's detention in a fortress." "In Germany," continues the writer, "the officer's 'cloth' is sacred, and he is bound to avenge any insult offered to it."



TO ATTEMPT TO CROSS ARABIA FROM WEST TO EAST AND EXPLORE THE ROBA-EL-KHALI DESERT, WHICH NO EUROPEAN HAS ENTERED: COUNTESS MOLITOR—IN ARAB DRESS.

Countess Molitor intends to make an attempt to cross Arabia and to explore the Roba-el-Khali Desert, a region of 600,000 square miles never yet entered by Europeans. She has already done much travelling alone in South West Africa, and will again travel alone; that is to say, without European companions. She will dress and live as an Arab. The journey is likely to be dangerous. On reaching Muscat, she may be joined by her brother, an officer on the German Imperial Staff, and with him re-cross the desert, taking a more southerly route.

Photograph by Photopress.

out a rival, carefully poisoned his sword, and while telling me about his grievance, and feeling the edge of the sword to assure himself

that it was keen enough to accomplish the desired trick, cut his own thumb. . . . He very nearly lost his hand." It was comparatively near—in Montenegro—that Mr. Woodville came across another queer thing. At Cetinje, one winter's day soon after the Russo-Turkish War, he wished to send a letter to Cattaro. The snow was deep. "So," he says, "I went to the Khanji and asked him if he could procure me a messenger. He replied that nothing was easier, went to the jail and came back with one of the prisoners, saying that if he got frozen



PRINCE AAGE OF DENMARK.

to death or lost in a snowdrift it wouldn't matter at all! I found that a good deal of the postal service, at that time, was carried on in this way during the winter months."

A Trio of Royal Stories.

Then to certain notes about royalties. The first concerns King Edward VII. Mr. Woodville painted an equestrian portrait of his Majesty: "The King was very pleased with it, until he examined his legs. 'Oh, Mr. Woodville,' he said, 'what a pair of magnificent legs you have given me! These are simply splendid. But look at my short ones. You will have to make these much shorter.' I pointed out that in some of his photographs they appeared quite as long as I had painted them; but nothing would convince him—a piece had to come off, and it did." The second deals with the Duke of Cambridge, who fell asleep after a dinner with Christopher Sykes and Caton Woodville. At length a laugh awoke his Royal Highness with a start, and he said, "Christopher, have I snored?" "I have had the honour to hear your Royal Highness sleep well," he replied. The third of those we shall quote concerns the Empress Frederick. "One of the saddest pictures I had to paint was an equestrian portrait of the late Emperor Frederick in the handsome white uniform of the Garde du Corps of the German Army, with the magnificent golden helmet crowned by a silver eagle. It was shortly after his death, and the Empress Frederick was very particular about the colour and shape of his eyes. She wore a bracelet with a miniature of his eye painted on ivory in a medallion upon it, and stood beside me the whole time holding the bracelet so that I should see it in its best light and not miss any of the details."

£2000 Photographs.

For portraits of a very different kind Mr. Woodville was not responsible. They were of the then Nizam of Hyderabad, by a photographer summoned from Calcutta. The fee, besides travelling expenses, was five-and-twenty pounds a day. "He stayed eighty-two days, and so received over £2000 for a few sittings."—Thus Mr. Caton Woodville in a book from which we might quote many entertaining columns—a book in which readers of *The Sketch* should take particular interest, for Mr. Woodville is one of the most distinguished artists of the *Illustrated London News*, our parent paper.



PRINCESS AAGE OF DENMARK (FORMERLY COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO).

The marriage took place the other day of Prince Aage of Denmark (eldest son of Prince Waldemar, Queen Alexandra's brother) and the beautiful Countess Calvi di Bergolo, daughter of a former Italian Minister at Copenhagen. Prince Aage is nearly twenty-seven, and is a Lieutenant in the Danish Royal Guards. His bride is the same age. It is thought that, in view of his wedding, he may have to renounce his rights as a Royal Prince; but at the moment the matter has not been settled.—[Photographs by C.N.]

The Poisoned Sword; and Convict-Post.

On an occasion, in Albania, the biter was bit! A police officer "having decided one day to wipe

* "Random Recollections." By R. Caton Woodville. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)

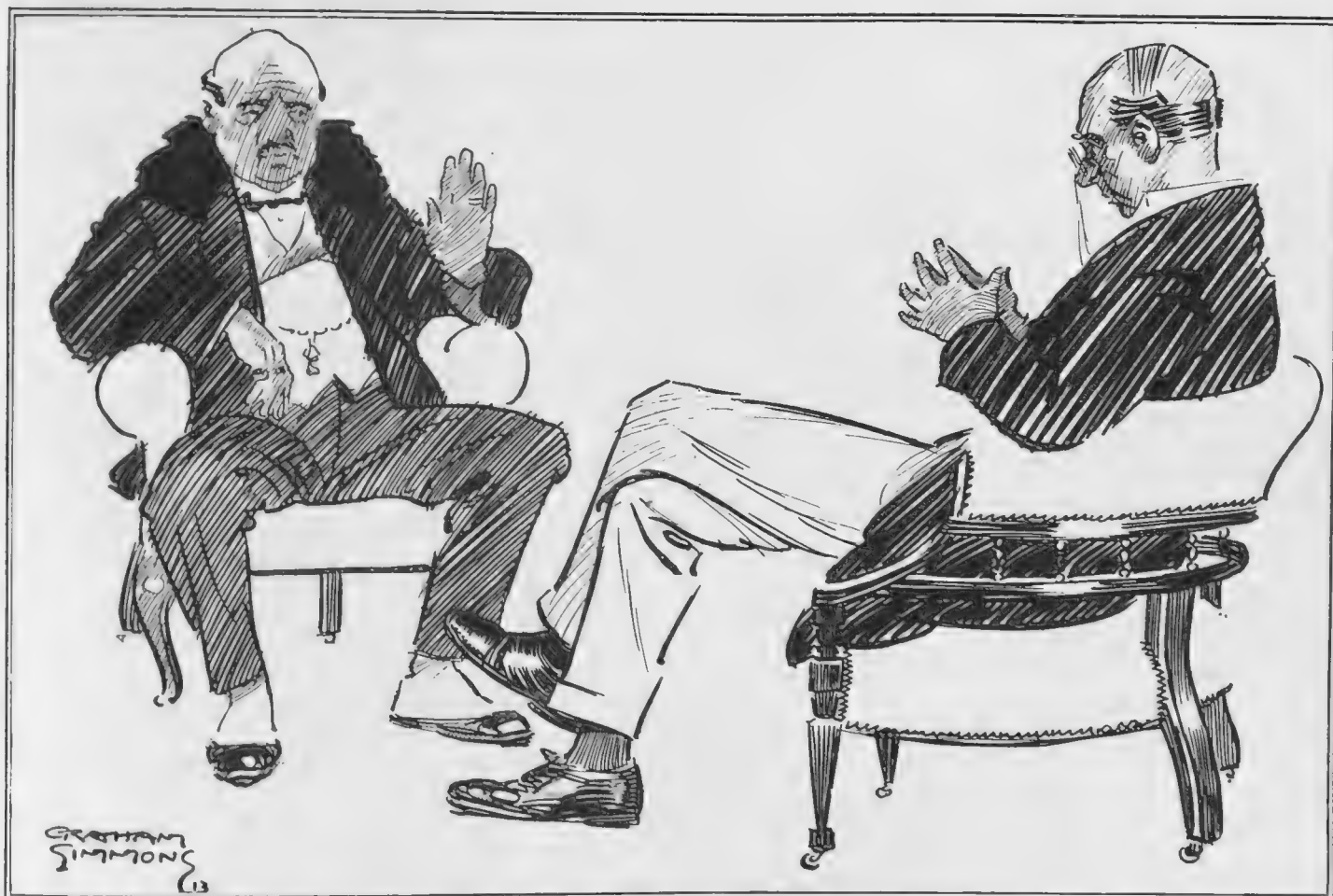
THE LIMIT.



THE NUT (who on a foggy morning has pulled in behind a taxi, and is held up): What's the matter with the traffic in front, Constable? Can't you get it along? It seems to be going all right the other way.

THE CONSTABLE: Traffic's all serene, Sir. You've pulled in on a cab-rank.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE DOCTOR: You'll have to rouse yourself up and try to take more interest in your business.

THE PATIENT: My dear thir, ith abtholutely impothible.

THE DOCTOR: Why, what is your business?

THE PATIENT: I'm a money-lender.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.



"ITS" GRANDMOTHER.

By THE AUTHOR OF "BACHELORS' BUTTONS."

WE jostled in the crowded street, then stopped and stared. I recognised Algy at once, and, after one horrified glance, I saw he recognised me. In the dear dead days beyond recall we had been "nuts" together. Nothing had happened to him, and so much—so awfully much—to me. To put a big tragedy in a few words, he was still a "nut"—I was a married man.

He looked me up and down, and his glance grew more horrified. I became conscious of trousers minus the correct crease, of the wrong sort of tie, of a pitiful attempt at smartness in my waistcoat—the wrong sort of smartness and the wrong sort of waistcoat. I could not have blamed him had he yielded to his first impulse and passed on in stony silence, though we had been firm friends in youth. He had the nobility, however, to speak to me by name, albeit in a hushed voice, as one might address the dead. It made me realise afresh how awfully dead I was to those dear days, etc.

He shook my hand in sympathetic silence, and I knew my sad past—or rather, my present—was no secret from him. "You know?" I asked, in a hollow voice.

Emotion choked him, but he bowed his head in assent.

"I could not help it," I pleaded. "It—it simply happened. I just shut my eyes, and it was all over in a minute."

"A fellow should learn to help it," retorted Algernon. "Of course, you repented at once?"

"Naturally," I owned.

"Ah . . . ! They all do. But it's too late then."

"Too late indeed!" I moaned tearfully. "As you are going my way, come and lunch with us?"

"You lunch at home!" he gasped. "It's come to that already. Where do you dine?"

"At the same place, and in—er—the same company," I faltered.

"Shockin'! What trainin' for 'em! And it seems only the other day that—"

"It seems much more than the other day to me," I wailed; "but come along. Here we are. This is my prison." It was not a bad sort of crib, and I wondered if he noticed the window-boxes and the cream paint.

As we went up the stairs, I remembered the Lady's mother was spending the day with us. As a "nut," Algy objected to mothers; and his opinion on the matter of mothers-in-law—well, it isn't printable. It was an awkward little fix.

"You don't mind grandmothers, do you?" I asked carelessly. "Nice, cosy old things, ain't they? We've got one just now."

"She makes you keep her old grandmother! Good Lord, man, you *have* fallen into it!"

"Just a bit," I owned. "As a matter of fact, the grandmother is Its, you know."

He stared at me with his mouth open. "And who the dickens is It? Does she make you keep a menagerie, man?"

"It is—er—well, it's It, you see," I stammered.

He turned and faced me.

I could only look away in conscience-stricken guilt.

"Never!" he gasped at length. "How awful!" I think he would have fled there and then, and I should never have set eyes on him again, if the Lady's mother hadn't come out of a room and up to us just then.

I suppose I may as well explain that the Lady's mother is exactly eighteen years older than the Lady, who is nineteen. Nineteen is not very old for the responsible position occupied by the Lady, but fortunately she married a man many years her senior (nearly four, to be exact) who brought ballast, knowledge, and experience of the world, and so on, to the ménage. The Lady has a hundred

a year, I have exactly two hundred and ninepence of my own—anything we may require in the way of luxuries, such as Paquin frocks and motor-cars, I intend to supply out of my contributions to the Press.

As for the Lady's mother, she has the good taste to be extremely like the Lady, who isn't so bad. She is considered a beauty, I am told—I am now referring to the Lady's mother—and looks about twenty. With her income of two thousand a year and her profession of widow, she manages to put in a mighty good time; and the Lady affects to envy her "luck."

Algy greeted the Lady's mother with warmth. "Anybody belongin' to my dear old pal," he began emotionally—"well, hang it, she's a pal too, don't you know"; and the Lady's mother cast down her wonderful blue eyes and smiled so that her dimple flashed out, and cooed that he was too kind, and she was, oh, so flattered. And it was all up with poor old Algy there and then.

The moment we were alone he expressed some of his feelings. "I won't rub it in any more," he observed; "there's excuses and excuses."

"I make the best of it, I assure you," I returned, in a resigned voice.

Then we went into luncheon, and the Lady's mother made him sit by her and completed the conquest she had begun; and the Lady whispered to me, "There's the mater going it again! That calf-thing is quite done for!"

Algy never noticed the Lady. He scarcely affected to listen while I mumbled a few words of introduction.

When we sat smoking together later, he watched the door and spoke with some bitterness as to the ingratitude of those whom the gods have blessed. "To mind comin' home! To want to lunch out, an' dine out!" he exclaimed. "Shockin'! Who was the other gel? Not bad in her way, but not a patch on the other one. I suppose you keep the old granny upstairs? Is she the bed-ridden kind! To have a woman like that to come home to!"

"Oh, she isn't often here," I said carelessly; "prefers Paris, you know. She just drops down on me now and then, and I make her welcome—that's all there is to it."

Algy became all eyes. "Good Lord!" he gasped. "You take it like that! Then you ain't jealous?"

"Oh, no; I'm not unreasonable. If you want to make the running—well, don't mind me."

He gasped again.

"We understand each other perfectly," I went on. "Not many in our position are so friendly and attached, I flatter myself."

Algy's mouth fell open. "Well, if you aren't the limit," he managed to get out. "But, I say, how on earth did you do it?"

"Oh, she was telling me the other day she took most of the credit for the match to herself—that she wished it from the first moment she set eyes on me," I explained in a bored fashion. "So I just let the women fix it up among 'em, old chap—it saves an awful lot of trouble all ways."

Algernon had no words for quite a long time—an unusual thing with him. Then he wondered aloud why a thing like that should happen to me—"If she had only seen me first!" he cried.

"Better last than first in this instance," I murmured.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing save the obvious, but, hush! here they are—with It."

I rose to my feet as the procession entered.

First came the Lady's mother carrying a coquettish-looking shawl in a very coquettish manner; then came the Lady carrying the thing the shawl was for.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE ABSOLUTE EDGE !



IT'S SNOW GOOD ! (With apologies to the Lyceum.)

DRAWN BY HERBERTHWAITE.

The elder of the two beauties slipped her arm within mine: "I am trying so hard to look like granny," she whispered, all dimples and twinkles.

"You are trying very badly," I said severely—"so badly that I almost fear the friend of my innocent and vanished youth hardly realises your lot in life. I imagine he would offer to change it if he dared."

There is usually someone trying to change the state of the Lady's mother. She says that's the sole reason why she doesn't change it; it makes life amusing. When it ceases to be amusing, she may think of "another."

"How sweet of him!" she giggled—"will you lend us the drawing-room to ourselves?"

"You mustn't whisper," complained the Lady—"it's rude."

She was carrying It in the casual way she will in spite of my remonstrances—tucked anyhow under her arm, with some portion of it hanging helplessly down. On this occasion the portion was a red indignant head.

"I do think you might show her—give her a lesson," I said to the Lady's mother; "I'm sure it's dangerous the way she does it."

But the Lady's mother gave a faint little scream at the idea. She said she was too old; that she had forgotten; that she'd always left them lying about for others to see to.

The Lady danced up to Algy and jerked It at him.

He gasped, paled, and stepped hurriedly backwards on to my foot, while I, horribly ashamed of the caricature of myself that the Lady *will* hawk round, tried to look as if I'd never seen it before, and never would again.

The Lady jerked it nearer.

"Oh, I say . . . look out, can't you!" cried Algy as angrily as he dared.

"We show It everybody, whether they like it or not," announced

the Lady—"Catch!" She made her cleverest feint of throwing it at him.

Algernon flew from the room, I after him.

"That lady-nurse of yours is simply the limit," he gasped, wiping his forehead. "If I hadn't cleared in time, I'd have got it full in the face! Hang careless way of goin' on, I call it."

"So I used to think," I agreed. "She's so realistic over it. I've run myself."

"Of course, you never nurse it?" he asked, struck by an appalling thought.

"What—me?" I said. "Good Lord! Why, we keep the grandmother to do all that!"

"That's sensible enough," he said graciously; "but, man alive, what a wonder she is! Her eyes! Her dimples! Her ways!"

"You think so? I don't notice them as much as I might, owing to other home affairs."

"Then you don't mind if I toddle round now and then? Of course, platonic, you know." He heaved a mighty sigh.

"But why platonic?" I asked. "After being a widow for years, and on the look-out for 'another'?"

"A widow for years! Who? Your wife?" he gasped. "What are you talking of?"

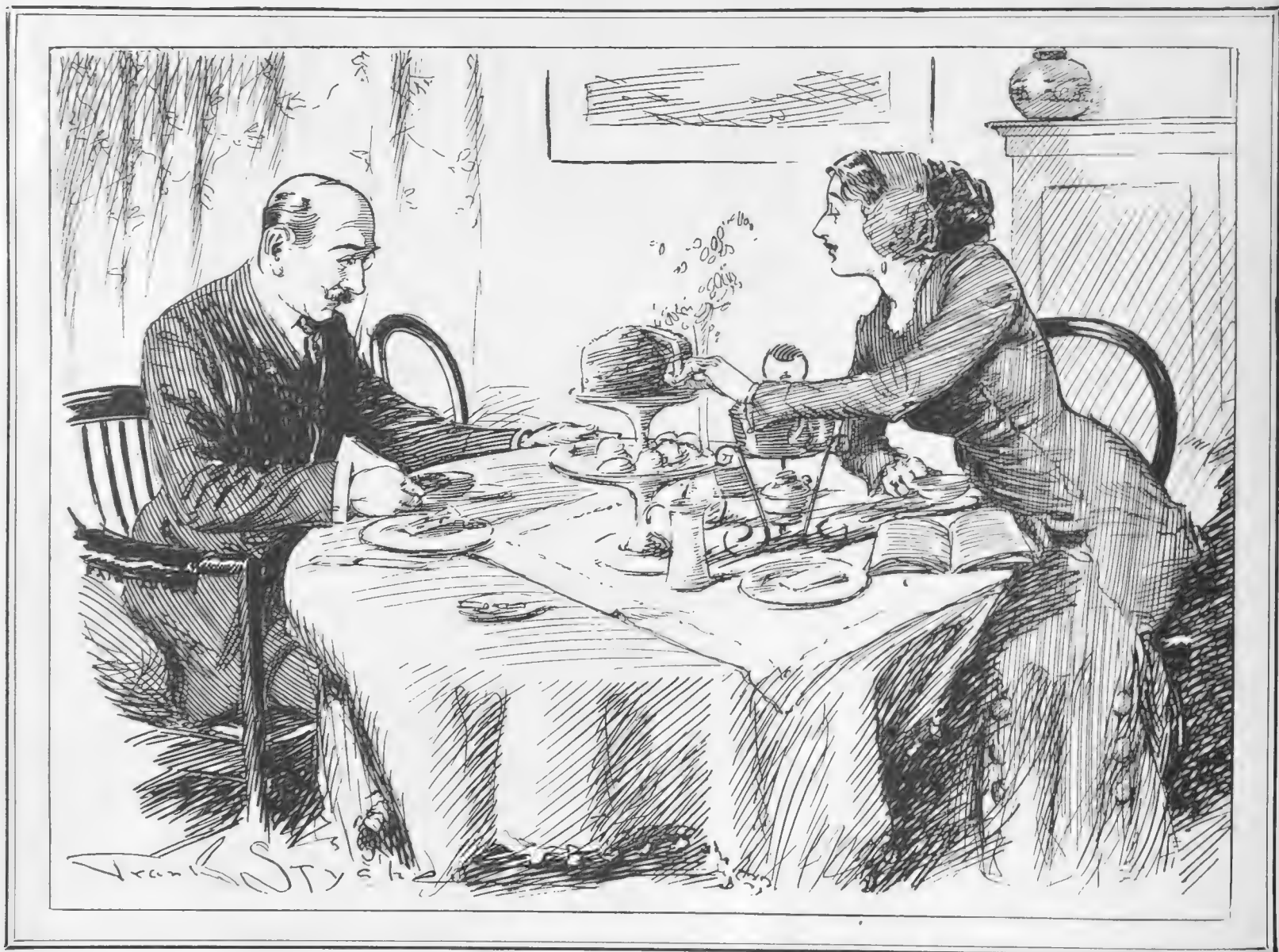
"Its grandmother, of course," I said innocently. "Weren't you? I thought you seemed rather struck on my mother-in-law myself. You almost ignored my wife."

"Good . . . well I'm . . ." he gasped incoherently, and fled. He appeared again a few days later, and then rather frequently. Then one day he abruptly ceased from coming, and our flat knew him no more.

"He's been refused the post of Its grandfather," explained the Lady—"Catch!"

I caught!

THE END



A PRETTY COMPLIMENT AND A PRETTY COMPLEMENT.

SHE: Who do you think put the best present in my stocking? HE: Nature?

DRAWN BY FRANK STYCHÉ.



ON THE LINKS

GOLF ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR: "REFORMED" CHAMPIONSHIP RULES: IMPROVEMENTS AT COSTEBELLE.

Grumbling Golfers.

A number of circumstances conspire to weaken the determination I expressed recently not to play this game of ours in the South of France this winter season. As everybody knows, they have had their bad spell down that way this winter, and a letter comes to me from one most enthusiastic little golfing party who had settled there declaring that, what with snow and rain, golf had become utterly impossible, and time was now being spent in (1) bed; (2) the casino; (3) eating, listening to such music as is available, reading the lives of the poets, and using language of such badness as is not tolerated in happy England. But at the same time I received a commission from this party for the purchase of a quantity of balls, to be sent out forthwith, and, even though one knew nothing of the Riviera, a sort of inference is clearly to be drawn. Besides, I do know what can be done by the weather on the Côte d'Azur. A spasm of this kind may take place at any time, but it is never more than a spasm, and when it ends the sun shines as if determined to keep its average up despite its recent appalling losses. Once, two or three years back, when I was golfing at Nice, it rained for five days and five nights continuously, and at the end of that super-pluvial period our little party had lost practically the whole of its funds at the tables at Monte Carlo. Next day it cleared up, and the marvellous thing was that out at Cagnes, where the Nice course is, it looked as if there had been no rain, except just enough for watering purposes, for the last twenty years. I forget how it was managed exactly, but we stayed on another month. Next in the matter of circumstances that are in conspiracy is the fact that, looking now from my room on to one of our British championship courses, the prospect is the most dreary conceivable; while within the chamber the temperature is so low that I have no clothes to keep me warm enough for work even though I sit nearer to the fire than gentle pussy.

The Ordeal of Prestwick.

But a third, and perhaps more important, reason for getting out of this country as speedily as possible is to escape not so much the weather, with all its horrors, as the terrible discussion that will now go on until nearly Easter about the new conditions for the Open Championship as they have just been decided upon by the championship authorities, who this time took the Professional Golfers' Association to some extent into their deliberations. Long ago it was announced that the authorities in question had determined on the principle of changing the system of deciding the championship (the

said system having been proved as full of faults as any system well could be at the meeting at Hoylake last June), and it was understood that from that moment the governors were beginning to think mightily. When it came out that the professionals were to be consulted as well, hopes were raised that something in the nature of the ideal scheme—which has been patiently awaited for so long, and which was to achieve finality when it came—would be reached at last. It is to be feared that there will be no such finality—indeed, I shall be much surprised if the new scheme lasts more than one year. It has certain good points—but then, no scheme which was different from the old one could very well be anything but an improvement to some extent. According to this new arrangement, the old and painful business of running three qualifying sections on three separate days, twenty men or thereabouts to qualify from each section, is done with, and in its place there is a new qualifying competition held several days in front of the championship and on two other courses. All the players who enter for the championship will have to play one round on each of these two special qualifying courses (they will be in the neighbourhood of the championship course, and this year will probably be Prestwick St. Nicholas and Troon, the championship being on the old Prestwick course), and then the top hundred will qualify for the big event.

Too Much of It. Those who thus qualify will consequently have to play on three different courses, there will be an interval of six days between the qualifying competition and the more important one, and the whole business will necessitate staying in the Prestwick district for about a fortnight. When everybody had been groaning that the championship proceedings were spun out too long and had become terribly weary, this is an awful arrangement to have made. A fortnight of open championship! The new scheme does nothing in the way of exempting from the qualifying competition a proportion of players whose right to enter the championship proper could not be disputed. It is better than other systems in that a

man who is good enough to win the championship can hardly fail to get into the qualifying hundred, but there its merits end. I cannot believe that such a system as this has the entire approval of the professionals. During the next few weeks we shall have the new arrangement discussed from every conceivable point of view, and I must confess to some curiosity as to how any man in a spirit of cantankerousness will try to defend it. — By the way, I am told that the golf at Costebelle, which is by Hyères, is enormously improved.—HENRY LEACH.



A FAMOUS LADY OPERA-SINGER AS POSSIBLE "CRACKERJACK" PLAYER; AND THE AMERICAN GOLF CHAMPION OVER WHOM, AIDED BY JACK FROST, SHE TRIUMPHED: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AND MR. FRANCIS OUIMET.

A few days ago Miss Maggie Teyte, the well-known opera-singer, played a golf match with Mr. Francis Ouimet, the young ex-caddie who won the American Open Golf Championship last year after having tied with Harry Vardon and Edward Ray. It must be confessed that, in losing the game, Mr. Ouimet lost to Jack Frost rather than to Miss Teyte; for he gave up at the end of nine holes in the eighteen-hole match, when he was three up, saying that it was too cold to play. His opinion of his rival's game was expressed in the sentence: "If Miss Maggie Teyte were to keep in practice, she would become a crackerjack player."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



ROMANTICALLY NAMED: THE "CHAMBRE D'AMOUR" HOLE AT BIARRITZ.

This photograph shows the "Chambre d'Amour" hole, with the putting-green by the sea. It is a tradition that lovers were caught here by the rising tide and drowned.



YET ANOTHER REVUE: TWO OTHER SHOWS.

AT the Oxford is to be found further evidence that the vogue of the revue is still in full swing. The piece is called "Full Inside," with the book by Charles Wilmott, and the music by Max Darewski, who has found himself lured away by the inevitable attraction of rag-time to a considerable extent. The first scene takes place outside the Cabaret, and the second in the interior; and that simple statement will suffice for a full description of the plot of the piece, which is entirely composed of variety items strung together with the happy disregard of plot which is now the rage. There is visible a large cast of performers whose names are unknown to the audience, but who all work hard for the success of the entertainment with an enthusiasm which undoubtedly tells and brings the show to a successful end. All of them put forth their best efforts, and on the night on which I was present, at any rate, a full house rewarded their exertions with a full allowance of applause and laughter which was thoroughly deserved. In the first scene Miss Renée Gratz sings a song entitled "Come with Me to the Tango Tea," with the assistance of the whole company, which goes very well; Little Vera de Marsden gives a portrayal of Pavlova's Swan Dance with excellent effect; and there is a lot of fun derived from the Matrimonial Agency Scene, in which various members of the company enter in search of wedlock. In the second scene, which is almost entirely devoted to variety business, Mr. Arthur Leslie is extremely successful in an imitation of one of Wilkie Bard's portraits of an old lady of bibulous tendencies, and also in a representation of a fallen actor. There is at intervals a gentleman of Ethiopian extraction, who is none too comprehensible and none too funny; but Miss Mary Law plays the violin charmingly, and there is much besides to entertain, and the Oxford audience receives the whole show with enthusiasm.

At the Palace. During several afternoons last week the British Army Film had its turn at the Palace Theatre, and attracted excellent audiences, and well did it deserve them. A more clear and steady set of pictures I have never seen, and they should do much to increase the popularity of the Army when they are more generally shown. The film exhibits all sorts and kinds of things which are well worth seeing—the mechanism of quick-firing guns, the manoeuvres of scouts, the treatment of the wounded, and the charges of cavalry; and the pictures are amazingly well done. Those under the heading of "How the Soldier is Taught to Shoot" are extremely good, and the representation of the overhead evolutions of an aeroplane is also most creditably done. There are

also pictures of the social life of the soldier, which should have the desired effect of inducing more to join, and everything is done to make the exhibition attractive. No less than twenty-five thousand officers and men have assisted in the making of the film. The whole of the work has been accomplished with the express object of explaining how things are done, and the success of the methods employed may be well gauged by the example given of infantry work performed by young Highland soldiers, none of whom had seen six months' service on the day the pictures were taken. Mr. Herman Finck and his orchestra worked

indefatigably during the whole exhibition, and did much to make it go; and it is to be hoped that the film, when more widely displayed, will succeed in attracting many recruits to Army service. It is an excellent plan, and well deserves success.



APPEARING IN SOME DELIGHTFUL FRENCH LITERARY AND DRAMATIC MATINÉES IN LONDON: Mlle. GABRIELLE LA FONTAINE.

Mlle. Gabrielle La Fontaine, a charming young French girl who is an Elève of the Legion of Honour, and has studied at Oxford, is taking the principal parts in a series of six Thursday matinées at private houses in London. Each matinée consists of a causerie by Mlle. Alice Clerc, (the well-known French poetess, professor of French diction at the Academy of Dramatic Art) on some French author, followed by one of his plays. In the first matinée, at the house of Mrs. Osborne, 33, Wilton Place, Mlle. Clerc spoke on François Coppée, and the piece was "Le Passant," in which Mlle. La Fontaine appeared as Silvia. The next matinée will be at the Countess de Lalaing's to-morrow (the 29th), the causerie on Théodore de Banville, and the piece, "Le Baiser." Particulars and tickets can be obtained from Mlle. La Fontaine, 24, Penywern Road, Earl's Court, or Mlle. Clerc, 113, Elgin Crescent, Holland Park.—[From a Drawing by Miss E. C. R. Steele.]

carefully abstains from any attempt to display his knowledge of riding; and there is an emu present from which much is expected, but which does nothing at all. Whether the famous fowl is only suffering from temporary indisposition, or is not yet sufficiently trained for the purpose is not divulged, but hope burns keenly in the breast of the spectators that it will ultimately be induced to take a definite part in the show. Still, the bird looks picturesque and impressive, and the whole turn is a vastly entertaining one, which fully works up the Coliseum audience for the good things that lie in store for it in the later part of the programme.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

HOMELY STARTING DEVICES: A HOT-WATER BOTTLE FOR THE CARBURETTER: A VISIT TO ADDERLEY PARK.

A Novel Starting Method.

Many as are the methods I have used, or witnessed, or heard of, for assisting the starting up of a refractory motor on a cold morning, I must confess to being made acquainted with a new one, as related by a correspondent of the *Autocar*. I say, new, in the sense of its being previously unfamiliar, but, as a matter of fact, the motorist in question states that he employed it several years ago on a car of uncertain habits and early date. His cure was to put the sparking-plug—presumably it was a single-cylinder motor—in the oven for a few minutes before starting up, and he avers that the method, despite its crudity, was invariably successful. At best, however, it strikes me as a somewhat inverted process, for the place where heat needs primarily to be applied is the carburetter itself. Of what use is heat in the plug if no vapour will rise from the carburetter owing to cold weather and a lack of volatility in the spirit? However, we must accept the man's word that the hot plug did the trick; but if the engine had had four cylinders, methinks two or three of the plugs would have gone cold before the fourth was finally screwed home.

The Virtues of the Kettle.

I have had cars with various faults, of course, but only one which was conspicuously bad in respect of starting up. The carburetter and the throttle were on opposite sides of the engine, and this of itself made it the more difficult to get the petrol fumes into the cylinders. As it so happened, I owned this car at a time when I had no motor-house, and had to garage it half a mile away, the reason being that when I had moved into this particular domicile, I had to choose between enlarging an existing stable, or leaving it as it was and getting a pony and governess cart for my children. I chose the latter course, much to my own subsequent inconvenience, for once a week I had to leave very early in the morning in order to drive forty-five miles to London. The garage was not open at that hour, and when I let myself in with a private key, I found invariably, in the winter months, that the place was like an ice-house. Wrestling with a starting-handle was never a favourite pastime of mine, and I cast about for a method of overcoming the difficulty, and so saving both time and physical effort. Had the car been on my own premises, as at my previous home, I should simply have borrowed a steaming kettle from the kitchen; but in the circumstances the best thing that I could do was to tuck a hot-water bottle under my overcoat and scorch down to the garage on a bicycle. There I wrapped a cloth round the carburetter, poured out the contents of

the bottle, and the engine would start on the first or second turn. Without this expedient the task would have been well-nigh hopeless. What would I not have given, by the way, for the electric heater as seen on the Cadillac cars at the last Olympia Show, or the "Sure Start" accessory to which I referred the other day on this page!



"LIGHTHOUSES" FOR THE ROADS: A LAMP WHICH FLASHES SIXTY TIMES A MINUTE TO CALL ATTENTION TO DANGEROUS CROSS-ROADS.

This "lighthouse" has been set up at cross-roads near Sidcup. It has an acetylene lamp which flashes sixty times a minute and is fitted with a cylinder which will keep the lamp burning day and night for a year without attention, at a cost of thirty shillings. The light, which is white, is visible for some two hundred yards.

Photograph by Topical.

Wolseley Developments.

There was a big gathering at Adderley Park, Birmingham, on Wednesday last, when a special train from Euston conveyed a party of journalists and other guests to the Works of the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Company, in order to inspect the extensions that have just been completed as a noteworthy addition to that already formidable hive of industry. One of the new buildings, which has been erected at a cost of £84,000, is designed to deal with the manufacture of commercial vehicles, a branch of the industry which the Wolseley Company has not engaged in for some years past. Marine and aeronautical engines will also receive attention in the same structure. Another new building has also been erected in order to facilitate the finishing of carriage-work, and it may be said at once that the methods adopted in this department represent the very latest ideas in body-construction, and came as a surprise even to those familiar with the systems in vogue at other factories.

Delighted Visitors. Advantage was naturally taken of the visit to inspect also the previously existing workshops, and a highly interesting round was made of a thoroughly well-equipped factory, turning out large numbers of cars which have gained a world-wide reputation for the best of workmanship and soundness of design. The organisation appeared to be excellent, and the machinery of the best and latest types. There was abundant evidence on every side to show that not only is the material employed *ab initio* in the construction of Wolseley cars of the finest quality, but that every process of construction, from start to finish, is effected with the minutest care and attention to detail, and in a way such as to leave no room for error or for illegitimate methods of patching up mistakes when the parts are being assembled in the chassis. The methods of testing, moreover, were seen to be complete, whether of the engines themselves on the bench, or of the completed chassis on the banked track surrounding the works. Including though they did some of the most experienced men in the motoring ranks, the visitors not only found nothing at which to cavil, but a very great deal to admire, and there were no two opinions as to the pleasure which the inspection afforded.



MISS ETHEL LEVEY'S DAUGHTER IN AN AEROPLANE: MISS GEORGETTE ZITHELIA COHAN.

Little Miss Cohan has been instructed in aviation by Mr. Grahame-White. She is an expert horsewoman and whip, and speaks four languages fluently. Her mother, Miss Ethel Levey (Mrs. George M. Cohan), is making a great success in "Hullo, Tango!" at the London Hippodrome.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

the motoring ranks, the visitors not only found nothing at which to cavil, but a very great deal to admire, and there were no two opinions as to the pleasure which the inspection afforded.



LORD TULLIBARDINE is not one of those mean-spirited land-owners who are always thinking more of the aches than of the acres. He has never run away from the land, but taken, instead, a delight in working on the Atholl estate, and in fighting its battles. He has entertained a deputation of workmen in the disputed area of deer-forest, and submitted himself to the strictest cross-examination on all the details of its working. Many of his friends are among the crofters and keepers; but the five hundred telegrams he received after the West Perthshire polling came from another section of his acquaintance—a section living within reach of post-offices.

Bardy-for-Short. Even without the stimulus of actual personal ownership, the

decided not to joust. His brother was bundled into the armour and was the real victor. It is a nice point, fit for a Court of Dons!

"G. B. S." and the Burglar.

The story that comes from America of Mr. Bernard Shaw's repudiation of a manuscript ascribed to him by the cataloguer of the Hoe Collection, and his subsequent admission that he had, after all, written it, reminds one that Mr. Shaw is naturally suspicious of the dealer and collector. "G. B. S." writes a multitude of letters, each one of which has a value of anything from five shillings to twenty-five, according to its contents; but when, through the cupidity of a correspondent, or perhaps through nothing more blameworthy than a death, a letter gets on to the market, Mr. Shaw is always ready to spot a forgery or some other sinister adventure. The last time he received a catalogue containing one of his own manuscripts, he wired to the innocent dealer: "Are you a bookseller by day and a burglar by night?" The unfortunate thing, from the bookseller's point of view, was that the telegram was in the autograph of a postal clerk.

Or Lydia? Is Tolstoy making converts with "Anna Karenina"?

The Ambassadors, at any rate, are very dutiful in their attendance. The representative of the Tsar was present on the first night; and nearly all the Courts of Europe have patronised, by proxy, the play of the noble who renounced Courts and denounced courtiers. Last week the Italian and French Ambassadors were present on the same evening, and for nearly every performance the Ambassadors' Theatre has lived up to its name. Is Tolstoy the attraction, one wonders, or Lydia?

Lords Parmoor, Bryce, Reading, and Co.

The choice of titles made by the last batch of peers seems to meet with general approval. Lord Parmoor's is the most stately: perhaps it was

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FRANCIS FITZGERALD WALDRON, OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: MISS MARJORIE SUTHERST.

Miss Sutherst, sister of the Marchioness Townshend, is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Sutherst.—[Photo. Rita Martin.]

inevitable that a Cripps should take the euphony of a new name into careful consideration. That Bryce remains Bryce is as it should be; and Lord Reading, with his alternative pronunciations, is suitably provided. He is, so to speak, Lord Reading for the Bar.

Blotting-Paper Clues.

Very pretty testimony of the nervous state of mind of members of the Government during a recent Cabinet meeting on the Naval crisis was gathered by one who lingered for a half a minute after the others had left the room. He found that the pads on the table were, all but one, more or less scribbled over. The exception was the "P.M.'s"; it was the First Lord's that bore most scrawls. But these had a certain propriety: rough sketches of armaments jostled figures running into millions, and rough designs for a naval aviation badge.

LADY MOUNT ROYAL AND STRATHCONA: THE ONLY CHILD OF THE LATE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

By special remainder, the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal's daughter and only child, the Hon. Mrs. R. J. Bliss Howard, and her heirs male, succeed to the Peerage. The new Peeress will be known as Lady Mount Royal and Strathcona, not as Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. The reason for this was explained by the late Peer, who said: "After my death the title will not be continued exactly in its present form. As a matter of fact, there have been two letters patent in regard to it. The first, which was issued by the late Queen Victoria, gave me the title of Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe, in the county of Argyll, and of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada. The second letters patent, which was issued by King Edward, gave me the title of Baron Mount Royal and Strathcona. It is this last-named form of the title which will be handed down to my successors." Lady Mount Royal, whose husband is a Montreal surgeon now settled in London, has three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, who was born in 1891, is in the 3rd Hussars.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

Marquess of Tullibardine had given himself whole-heartedly to the property. "My affairs are his, his are mine," is a saying of the Duke's that was strictly true even before his Grace made over half the estate to his son. And in the North, by reason of the son's greater activities round and about the vast domain, he has become, in a sort, the family figure-head. "The Duke of Atholl, father of the Marquess of Tullibardine," is the description given in one paper that evidently thinks it is necessary to explain his Grace. "Bardy" is the title the Marquess himself most often wears in his own circle.

Ashby St Ledgerdemain.

January in Madrid means bitter winds and an uncomfortable quest for warmth round the insufficient porcelain stoves that adorn—to use a cheerless word—the hearths. But Lord and Lady Ashby St. Ledgers are not deterred, and one of them has a prospect of getting warm in the polo-field. Lord Ashby St. Ledgers is the ideal leader of a visiting team in the land of chivalry. He has even tilted, in rehearsal, with armour as romantic, and a spear as long, as Don Quixote's. He was coupled with the Duke of Marlborough for the tournament in the Elizabethan Triumph at Earl's Court a year or so ago; and after the two warriors had clashed together in the arena, and the Duke had ridden off with part of a stove sticking in a joint of his defences, the King's Armourer, announcing the verdict, said, "The Duke of Marlborough has tilted well, but Lord Ashby St. Ledgers has tilted better." The verdict still stands, but it is not without a flaw. Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, returning sore and stiff from a hard morning at polo, at the last moment



ENGAGED TO MISS MARJORIE SUTHERST, SISTER OF THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND: CAPTAIN FRANCIS F. WALDRON.

Captain Waldron, of the 18th Hussars and the R.F.C., held the altitude record for the Army until a week or two ago.

Photo. Dover Street Studios.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN DENZIL COPE: MISS BRENDA WILLIAMS-TAYLOR.

Miss Williams-Taylor, who was born in 1889, is the only daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor. Her father is General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and a Director of the Allan Line. He was knighted last year. Captain Cope, of Bramhill Park, is the eldest son of Sir Anthony Cope, thirteenth Baronet, and was born in 1873.—[Photo. Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Professional Invalid.

Someone has recently suggested that ill-health is by no means to be despised as a profession—or rather, as a *raison d'être*. If you have acquired your restless couch in some picturesque or modish manner—such as aviation, the hunting-field, or from wrestling with tigers in the jungle—so much the better. Your success will be all the more assured from the beginning. On the whole, I think the profession of invalid is better taken up by men than by women. It is true there are exceptions to this rule, and I know one fair and delicate lady who has had a *succès fou* for over a year in a nursing home just far enough away from the centre of things to make her visitors feel they were doing a “good deed,” for all the world like a Boy Scout. So to the Home there was a constant procession of the witty, the agreeable, and the fashionable, all carrying flowers and the cynical gossip of the Town. For this, above all, is what the invalid, rapt from the society of his equals, really likes. No “sick” person ever wants to talk of his complaint, and he hates to be pitied, asked how he is, or have the illusive phantasm of a speedy recovery held out to him. If he feels worse, or a bore arrives, he has only to announce that he cannot see anyone, and no one takes upon himself to be offended. To complain, or talk sick-room “shop,” is the sure sign of the amateur, and not of the professional invalid. Long ago, at Oxford, there was an undergraduate who achieved a singular success not by what he had accomplished, either in learning or athletics, but because he was supposed to be dying. He lay on a couch in his rooms in college, and thither came Professor Jovett and other leaders of light and erudition, as well as the high-spirited and healthy. That undergraduate is alive to-day, a hale and hearty man, but his

interesting Oxford reputation still clings to him. He was a Professional Invalid.

Unfortunate Baby Boys.

It has at last dawned upon the conscience of the public (including doctors) that something must be wrong with a system of bringing up which involves the loss of so many boy babies. Nature, who is by no means specially a Feminist, has arranged that, in these islands, one thousand and forty boys should be born to every thousand girls. This is a nice arrangement, which, if it worked to the end, would allow of loss by emigration, war, adventure, and dangerous professions, and yet leave the sexes equal. Yet not only do men die at a much earlier age than women, but boys perish in amazing numbers from one to five years. This, indeed, is *l'âge dangereux* for the masculine person, and every resource of science should be brought to bear upon this vital question. It is obvious that the fashionable fad of “hardening” children, of exposing their necks, arms,

and legs, of uncovering their heads in all sorts of weather in a damp, changeable climatelike ours, is not

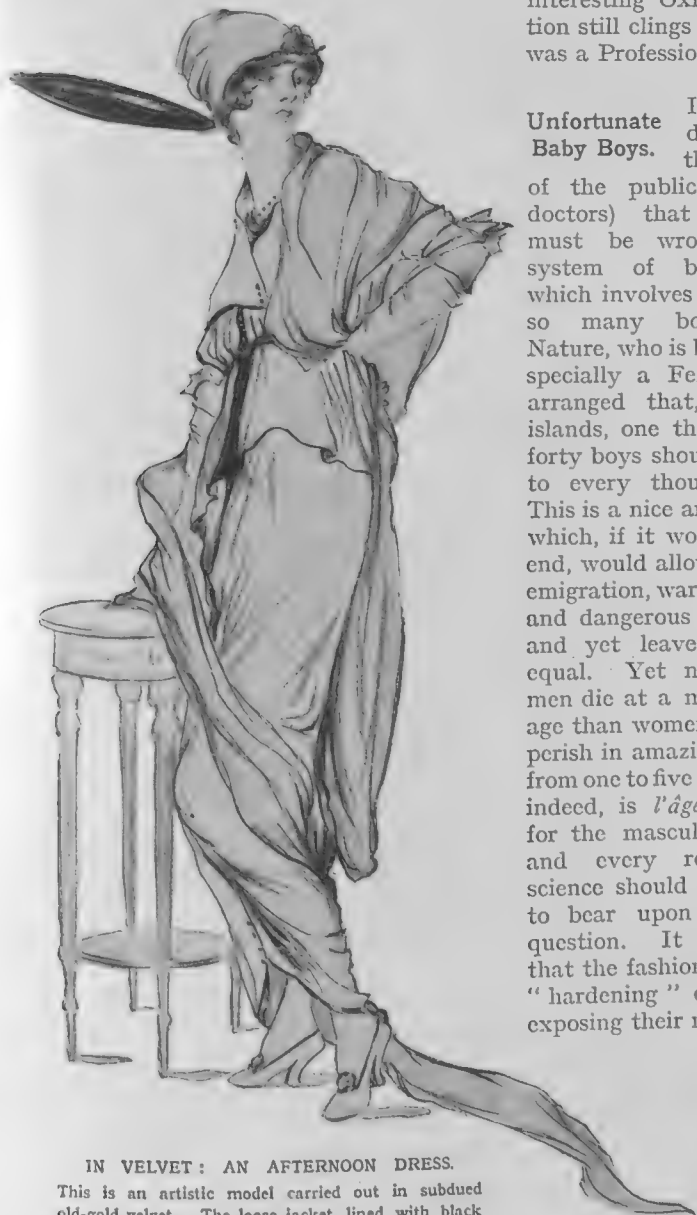
the unmitigated success it was expected to be. Then there are the fanatics who will have the night-nursery windows wide open in mid winter, though there is no fire to warm the room, and who send their boys, with bare heads, straight from over-heated houses out into the wintry blasts. But these are the fads of the well-to-do in Hampstead and Chelsea; the masses would warm and cover their children if they could. Here, faults of nourishment are more probably responsible for the great death-rate among boy babies, for it is a fact that the digestive apparatus in Man is more delicate than in Woman. Here, probably, is the cause of the high death-rate among our chubby youngsters.

Women and Danger.

The old idea that women should be protected from danger of every kind must soon rapidly die out, for the younger generation, with its high spirits and its well-balanced nerves, will have no traffic with timidity of any sort. Some people, indeed, attribute recent feminine adventure to foolhardiness; but it has been shown, in the recent “looping” experiments of Miss Trehawke Davies and Lady Victoria Pery at the aerodrome at Hendon, that they had no sense of danger, and performed these thrilling experiments—which very few men would care to try—with perfect confidence in their pilot, Mr. Gustav Hamel, and a nice sense of the adventure and novelty of their situation upside down in the ether. It is curious, but the greatest discovery in modern times seems to appeal more to the intellect of women than of men. Large numbers of masculine persons take little or no interest in aviation. Possibly the average Briton is lacking in imagination and perceptive power; certainly the majority look upon “flying” as a sort of freak—a sport in which young men are out to make money and notoriety. In the majority of cases, it is the modern woman who clambers into the passenger-seat, while her male relatives and friends watch, with a shudder, from below. Like looping the loop; this bears the aspect of a topsy-turvy arrangement between the two sexes, but it is nevertheless a fact. The pluck and nerve and resource of the well-bred Englishwoman have never been greater than to-day.

Audiences.

In theatres where there is any real drama, a portion of the audience may be reduced to tears at the moving moments, others laugh immoderately at the comic scenes, and there is a small minority who remain passive and do not make any display of their emotions. It is very rare—at any rate, in the stalls—to see anyone weep in a London theatre now, and I think that actors and actresses are more likely to be affected to the point of crying than any other class of person. But a modern English audience will giggle and snigger at almost anything on the stage, and it is one of the greatest indictments which can be brought against our system of education. We have lost—let us hope not definitely—our sense of beauty, of dignity, of pathos, in connection with the theatre.



IN VELVET: AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

This is an artistic model carried out in subdued old-gold velvet. The loose jacket, lined with black satin, fastens in a careless fashion on the left side, while the clinging skirt is edged with black and slightly open at the ankle. The long scarf is shot with tints of copper and cloudy-brown.



IN CACHEMIRE-DE-SOIE: AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

Made of sapphire-blue cachemire-de-soie, this dress opens over an underskirt embroidered in various colours; the bodice, embroidered in the same way, is outlined with fur.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.

THE GILT-EDGED REVIVAL.

THE change in the prevailing sentiment of the Stock Exchange has been no less spectacular than welcome. After months and months of drooping, listless markets, the sudden revival of interest in high-class securities seems almost too good to be true. Exactly why it should have happened at this particular moment is not easy to see, except, of course, that the reductions in the Bank Rate have drawn attention to the growing cheapness of money. A 4 per cent. minimum rate, with every prospect of a further reduction before long, alters the position very materially.

We have more than once indicated the reasons which lead us to think that the improvement in high-class issues is likely to go further, although we hardly anticipated so early or so sudden a revival. These reasons still hold good, but the present pace cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. Reactions are as healthy as they are inevitable, and it must not be forgotten that there are a tremendous number of new issues still to be launched. With this word of caution, we commend gilt-edged securities to the serious attention of the investor. The rise which has already taken place has not by any means exhausted the possibilities, or even the probabilities in this direction. As Sir Felix Schuster pointed out the other day, everything indicates much easier monetary conditions during the current year, and also a decline in the general trade of the country. The Stock Market must, of necessity, benefit by such a state of affairs.

Only in Mexico is the position really unsound; elsewhere in the world Peace exists, both between nations and, save for the Coal and Building Trades disputes and some minor troubles, between Capital and Labour. If these happy conditions continue, we shall not be surprised to see the recovery, within the next twelve months, of an appreciable part of the losses experienced during the last two years.

TWO INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES.

Just twelve months ago we published a note over the signature of our correspondent "Q" drawing attention to the excellent reports issued by the various Companies in this group, and more especially by two of them—namely, the River Plate and General and the Foreign and Colonial. The fact that quotations are now lower than was then the case is sufficiently explained by the general conditions which existed last year, and we think the reports of these two concerns fully justify the good opinion then expressed.

The River Plate and General Investment Trust secured an increase of £3000 in both gross and net revenue, which enables the directors to maintain the dividend on the Deferred stock at the same rate—namely, 11 per cent. The profit from the realisation of investments was, not unnaturally, lower at £9800 against £25,000 a year ago. The directors do not on this occasion give the actual "breaking-up" value of their assets, which a year ago were declared to be worth 220. The report states, however, that the valuation discloses a substantial surplus over capital, reserve fund, etc. The Deferred stock is quoted at 188 (cum. div.), at which price the yield is about 6 per cent.

An excellent showing is also made by the report of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Company, the net revenue in this case having increased from £144,800 to £145,900. The dividend is unaltered at 8 per cent. Profit on sales of securities amounted to £10,300, of which £8300 was applied to writing down securities and £2000 added to capital reserve, bringing that fund up to £703,000. The current quotation of 143 for the Deferred stock is higher than at the beginning of the year, but compares with 145 at the end of 1912.

We look upon both these securities as very promising purchases from every point of view. There seems little or no risk of a reduction in the dividend in either case, whilst any improvement in market conditions will enable the directors to secure larger profits upon sales of securities, and will automatically enhance the value of the Companies' holdings.

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY.

The stocks of this American Company appear to us to have considerable attraction as a high-yielding Industrial investment, possessing a reasonable chance of capital appreciation. The capital as at July 31, 1913—

	Authorised.		Issued.
7 per cent. Preferred Stock	20,000,000 dols.	..	14,985,200 dols.
Common Stock 40,000,000 "	..	16,476,780 "
6 per cent. First Lien Notes	15,000,000 "	..	10,935,000 "

(Since reduced to 9,899,000 dols.)

The Company was reorganised in 1908 to consolidate the interests of various American Motor-Car Companies—including the Cadillac—under the auspices of Messrs. Lee, Higginson, and Co.

The dividend on the 7 per cent. Preferred stock has been regularly paid. The balance at credit of profit and loss, on July 31, 1913, amounted to 7,673,532 dols., which is sufficient to cover the Preferred dividend as much as seven times; but of this sum 4,728,152 dols. was applied to reduction of inventory and assets as carried on the books at Oct. 1, 1910, and it is stated that no provision

in respect of these causes will be necessary in future. The surplus of 2,945,379, representing 18 per cent. on the Common stock, was carried forward.

The sinking fund is now retiring notes at the rate of 2,000,000 dols. per annum, and before the maturity of the issue in 1915 the amount outstanding will be reduced to about 6,000,000 dols. These may be replaced by a Bond issue or paid off out of surplus, and it is reasonable to suppose that dividends on the Common stock will be commenced as soon as the notes are taken care of.

Whilst the speculative nature of the business must be borne in mind, we think that a purchase of an equal amount of Preferred and Common stock would afford the best medium for participation in any rise. The present quotation of the Preferred being 85 and of the Common 45 (both New York terms), the yield on the combined purchase is 5 3-8 per cent.

The Company's gross receipts for the first four months (August to November) of the current financial year amounted to 25,308,000 dols., as compared with 20,252,000 dols. during the same months a year ago.

SHORT NOTES.

When we referred to Arauco shares, in October, they had risen to 11, and they are now quoted at 11 3-8. A considerable amount of buying has been apparent of late, and there is no doubt that 10 per cent. will be forthcoming for 1913. We expect to see a recovery in the railway earnings during the current year, and there is no reason why the coal-mining properties should not continue to earn good profits; so it will be gathered that we look upon the shares as a satisfactory purchase.

We referred to North Caucasian shares last week, and further inquiries confirm the hopeful view which we then took of the prospects. As far as we can learn, insiders are more than satisfied with the position. The organisation of the staff is quite the best in Russia, and has resulted in working costs coming out at a very much lower cost per pood than was expected—we have heard 7 kopecks mentioned as the approximate figure, but cannot confirm this. For the coming year the production is likely to be at least twice that of 1913, which amounted to some 9½ million poods.

New Caucasians may possibly prove interesting a little later on.

The Report of the Cobalt Townsite Silver Mining Company will not, we imagine, encourage speculation in this group of mines. Both profits and reserves have signally failed to come up to expectation. We have always advised correspondents to look elsewhere for speculative purchases, and expect to see this advice still further justified in the future.

The announcement that Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Co. will issue a 5 per cent. Cuban loan before long has led to a considerable amount of speculation as to what arrangement has been made for the settlement of the Cuban Ports fiasco. As far as we can ascertain, holders of Common stock will not improbably receive about 70 per cent. in Government Bonds. If this forecast proves correct, they must consider the Cuban Government exceedingly liberal, and themselves exceedingly lucky.

As we anticipated a year ago, the Gas Light and Coke Company have succeeded in maintaining the dividend at the rate of £4 17s. 4d. per cent., but it is clear that the year has been an exceedingly difficult one for the Company. Apparently, profits are less by nearly £100,000, and we imagine this will be found to be due entirely to the increased cost of coal. Unfortunately, there is little prospect of a reduction in this item in the near future.

Saturday, Jan. 24, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SAUL.—The securities seem to us equally good, and as there is a difference in price of 1½ points, we should buy No. 1.

PETER.—The dividend, the Secretary tells us, was 8s. per share. We think if you write to the brokers and point out the mistake, they will at once rectify it.

H. S. (Southampton).—We are a little doubtful about the general financial conditions of the country, but, apart from this, both the stocks you mention have a fair chance of a rise.

LAMB.—The Debenture is worth £90. A fair security, considering the yield.

V. R. (Bhavnagar).—(1) and (2) Do not on any account buy these shares; they are rubbish. (3) Of your list we prefer the Brussels, Paris, Egyptian, and Austrian bonds.

The report of the Union of London and Smith's Bank reveals a very satisfactory state of affairs. The net profit for the past half-year, after payment of all charges, etc., amounted to £319,428. The same dividends as a year ago are announced, £75,000 applied to writing down investments to market value or under, and £180,000 is carried forward.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Remaining Chances

Of securing the best value possible in the best things possible at Mappin and Webb's January sale of surplus stock are now nearly over. It closes with the week; but there is still time to share in the good things. The sale is in progress at 158-162, Oxford Street; 2, Queen

Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street. The prices on the firm's own stock—incontestably of the best quality—are materially reduced. Soup and table spoons and forks in the well-known Prince's plate are £1 8s. a dozen, instead of £1 18s.; old Sheffield wire-pattern dishes which were 14s. are now 10s.; tableknives which were £3 5s. are £2 2s.; a pearl, diamond, and

that were seven guineas, for £3 15s.; two scout binoculars that were sold for a guinea are now at 11s.; several dozen reading-glasses, some of which have the edges slightly chipped, are 1s. each. There are pocket aneroids, circular aneroid barometers, telescopes, Kodaks, lorgnettes, microscopes, opera-glasses, prismatic binoculars—all at wonderfully low prices. It is an opportunity not to be lost.

Another American Millionaire.

The new tenant of Crewe

House, Mr. Duke, is a multi-millionaire, has a palace in New York, and a fine place in New Jersey. Crewe House is across the street from Sunderland House, built by Mr. Vanderbilt for his daughter the Duchess of Marlborough. There is yet another rich American, Mrs. Adair, who has a fine house in Curzon Street, although she very infrequently occupies it now. Crewe House has a fine situation, and has been greatly improved by Lord Crewe. It is secluded from the eyes of passers-by, and looks like a bit of old London forgotten by modern enterprise.



WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE'S DRAG: MISS WILMOT AND MISS BULTEEL.

Photograph by C.N.

MISS V. E. EGERTON AND MR. FREDERICK W. STEPHENSON, WHOSE WEDDING WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 27TH.

The bride is the fourth daughter of the late Hon. Algernon Egerton. Mr. Frederick Walter Stephenson is the second son of the late Sir A. F. W. K. Stephenson, K.C.B., and Lady Stephenson, granddaughter of the third Earl of Radnor.

Photographs by Langfier.

platinum pendant which was £35 is now £28; solid silver entrée-dishes which were £15 15s., are £10 10s.; a lady's 14-inch green morocco dressing-case, with silver-gilt and ivory fittings, which was £9 15s., is £7 10s.; and there are special bargains in fancy and leather goods, particularly in hand-bags, from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Everyone knows that Mappin and Webb's things are of the best, and when the best can be obtained at such generous reduction, then it is a case of bargains indeed.

A Delightful Education.

There are ways to make little people enjoy learning, and the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap know them. Some time ago they produced an Alphabet Book which was a great success. Children loved to learn out of it, and so parents sent their pennies along to the firm and obtained it. Now comes an almost more fascinating Primer. It is printed in a number of colours, and consists of

twenty-four pages of children's humorous drawings, introducing the simple words which the little one will learn. This Primer will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp for postage with application addressed, "Primer," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50, Southwark Street, E.C. It is a capital way of making primary education a real pleasure.

A Scientific Sale.

Not often is opportunity afforded for acquiring at most advantageous prices the very finest optical aids to sight and scientifically made instruments. It is open now, for Dol-



ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE OWEN SANDYS: MISS DULCIE EDYTHE ANGELA REDFORD.

Miss Redford is the only child of Sir Edward and Lady Redford, of Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh. Her father was formerly Secretary to the General Post Office in Scotland. Mr. George Owen Sandys, of Graythwaite Hall, Ulverston, Lancashire, is a Lieutenant in the Westmorland and Cumberland Yeomanry.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

offering for sale at exceptionally low prices the stocks of Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite and Mr. H. Coleman, F.S.M.C. Among very many bargains may be mentioned—one 12 lens by 5 magnification 2½-in. object-glasses, bright aluminium and Russia leather,

Vulgar Ostentation. The enormous expense of women's dress is apt to be greatly exaggerated. Talking with a woman who knows West-End modistes and their clients well, I was assured that you could get two dresses nowadays, or very nearly two, for the price that ladies in the 'nineties cheerfully paid for one. The reason she gives is the enormous competition, for fabrics are even more expensive than they were, smart models are far more expensive, rent and workers cost more, incidental expense is greater. Dressmakers get a living, perhaps, out of a good business, while fifteen or twenty years ago they made fortunes. Business has to be done in a very big way nowadays to secure anything like a very moderate fortune. Five to seven years ago, women wanted far more gowns than in the 'nineties and late 'eighties; not so now—they spend so much time in motor-cars. It was hoped that the Tango craze would re-create the larger demand for dresses; it has, however, not had that effect among the dressy women who not only wear fine frocks, but also pay for them.

Why Not Nose-Rings?

We hear a great deal about dress vagaries, and we see a little. The other night—not at a dance, but at a dinner-party—I saw a diamond anklet displayed over a gossamer white silk stocking and above a very dandy golden shoe. Had the foot been a really well-shaped and pretty one, the exhibition would have had points of charm. It was, however, large-boned and badly shaped, while the lady's nose was a most fascinating feature, and so, to my mind, a nose-ring would have been a much more desirable ornament. Talking over the anklet, which certainly served its purpose in fluttering the dove-cote, I was told that a certain young lady who aspires to be six weeks in advance of any fashion, and consequently exploits a good many that never arrive, had a flexible silver stocking set with diamonds (of sorts!) to wear on her left leg, and that she sat with it over her right knee and lost herself in admiration of the brilliant possession—in fact, "Miss Kilmansegg and her golden leg" were quite outdone. The truth of the matter is that we are crazy for sensations these days, and sometimes forget all about refinement in our eagerness to secure them.



TO MARRY MR. HERBERT HUDSON TO-DAY (JAN. 28): MISS JOAN ABBAY.

Miss Joan Abbay is the daughter of Canon Abbay, Rector of Earl Soham, Suffolk, from 1880 to 1912, and an Honorary Canon of Norwich. Her father is well known as an astronomer.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hubbub concerning "Who's the Lady?" or perhaps partly because of it, the French farce at the Garrick still "keeps smiling." Even the absence of Miss Jean Aylwin, one of the staunchest of its defenders—who, speaking with the authority of one who has studied in the school of the Gaiety, has vouched for its propriety—has not impeded its progress. Now, however, she is back again in the cast, and one congratulates her on facing the rigours of the cold snap in a costume that forms the *clou* of the piece, from which observation, of course, one does not exclude the courageous Miss Millie Hylton. There has, however, been a change in the cast of some importance, for Mr. Charles Troode, for excellent reasons, has left the company. His place is taken by Mr. Laurence Grossmith. The discreet critic never makes comparisons. Mr. Grossmith has a light, agreeable way of his own which suits very well the part of the Secretary, whose principal task consists of turning the Nelson eye on his Chief's indiscretions. He handles the part very well, particularly in the last act, where he has the embarrassing joy of making love to the charming copper-haired *ingénue* through the medium of the police-court interpreter. That form of courtship may be all very well, and offers an excellent excuse for an occasional *gaffe*, but I should think that an interpreter, even a police-court interpreter, would be an inconvenient kind of encumbrance on a honeymoon trip.

The greatest novelty in the playhouses is the famous discussion on miracles in connection with "Magic" at the Little Theatre. The management may have been vexed that there was a better house to discuss the play than there has sometimes been to see it, though I hear that the play is now booming, and that everybody wants to see Mr. Chesterton's clever comedy. The discussion was a little disappointing, which was not strange, seeing that people were not allowed to speak about the Scripture miracles, and some of the famous people present did not talk at all. Of course, too, there was the usual difficulty about settling what is a miracle. Everybody knows that most discussions are futile, because the disputants are not talking about the same thing, though they think they are. After all, they failed to guess the riddle, "When is a miracle not a miracle?" The answer may have got something to do with the excellent booming of "Magic" by the *Daily Chronicle*, as it may have also had something to do with the booming of the famous Earl's Court Show by the *Daily Mail*.

To bring over a whole company from Paris for one Sunday evening performance at the Court Theatre argues much enthusiasm and must mean considerable expense, but this is what the society called "The Little French Theatre" is continually doing, thereby keeping its members well acquainted with the latest developments of the Parisian stage. The company of the Comédie des Champs-Élysées was the last to come over, and they brought with them "Le Veau d'Or," which is one of the latest examples of the political and social satire. Its author, M. Lucien Gleize, seems to have gone to Molière for his inspiration, when he drew a portly and successful tradesman surrounded by greedy satellites and struggling for the cross of the Legion of Honour, but his treatment of the subject is of the twentieth century, and though not remarkable for subtlety or originality, the little play is quite cleverly done, and caused much amusement. We were introduced to some excellent actors in M. Arvel, M. Beaulieu, and M. Chevalet; and Mme. Mésery played attractively in the one little love-affair which was allowed to intrude upon the discussion of the weaknesses of the politicians of Paris.

In our Issue of Jan. 7 we "took off our hats" to Mr. Israel Zangwill for having, as we thought, attributed any unpleasantness in Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" to her lack of eyebrows. As requested in the following letter we have received from Mr. Zangwill, we now transfer the compliment to his brother—

"Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

"DEAR SKETCH,—Please put your hat on again—and take it off to my brother, Louis. It is he (the author of 'A Drama In Dutch,' etc.) who has reduced the mystery of 'Mona Lisa' to her lack of eyebrows. I was not even aware she was shaved, and my only contribution to the topic is the remark in my 'Italian Fantasies' that 'Pater's interpretation of "Mona Lisa" is finer than the picture itself.'

"Faithfully Yours, ISRAEL ZANGWILL."

Under our portrait of Mrs. A. D. Edmonstone Craig (formerly Miss Bessie English) in our Issue of the 14th, we stated, on the authority of information supplied with the photograph, that she hoped to become a professional singer. We have since heard from Mrs. Craig that the information was erroneous in this particular, and that she has no intention of doing so. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert English, of 21, Portman Square, and her marriage to Mr. Archibald David Edmonstone Craig took place, on the 14th, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, December 31, 1913.

To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. od. per Share on	£	s.	d.
347,892 Shares of £60 each	4,348,650	0	0
„ Reserve Fund	3,700,000	0	0
„ Dividend payable on 2nd February, 1914	391,378	10	0
„ Balance of Profit and Loss Account	147,992	18	8

„ Current, Deposit and other Accounts	8,588,021	8	8
„ Acceptances on account of Customers	93,833,580	4	9
	6,162,611	13	10

£108,584,213 7 3

By Cash and Bullion in hand and Cash at Bank of	£	s.	d.
England	17,241,278	16	3
„ Money at Call and at Short Notice	11,946,769	6	1
	29,188,048	2	4
„ Investments:			
Consols and other British Government Securities ..	3,246,713	11	3
„ Stocks Guaranteed by British Government, Indian and British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks, Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks, etc.	4,578,178	8	6
„ Bills of Exchange	11,790,640	18	0
	48,803,581	0	1
„ Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts	51,309,563	10	7
„ Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	6,162,611	13	10
„ Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches ..	2,308,457	2	9

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REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.

In accordance with the provisions of Sub-section 2 of Section 113 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, we report as follows:—We have examined the above Balance Sheet in detail with the Books at Head Office and with the certified Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances and the Bills of Exchange and have verified the correctness of the Money at Call and Short Notice. We have also verified the Securities representing the Investments of the Bank, and having obtained all the information and explanations we have required, we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

London, January 8, 1914.

WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, Auditors.

£1000 INSURANCE. See below.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Nice Living Pictures; Murray's Supper Club; Scenes of the Boer War Presented on the Cinematograph; On What Will the Next New Fashion be Based?; Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. A. E. Burtie; "The Darling of the Gods," at His Majesty's; Lady Victoria Pery; Lady Muriel Bertie; Countess Nadejda Torby; The Three Arts Ball; and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen.



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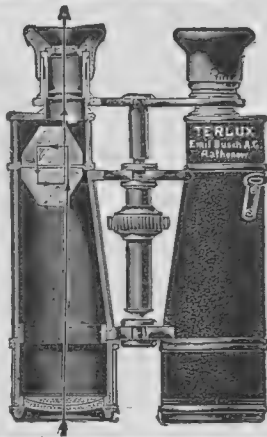
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January 28, 1914.

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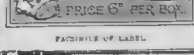
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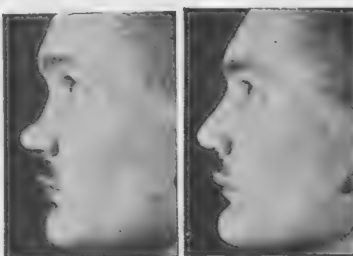
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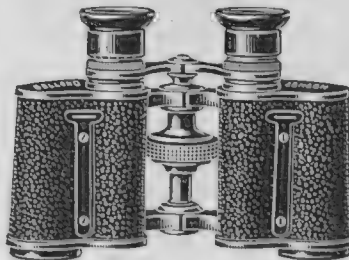
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3 ft. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice	7	15
The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard , fitted Handsome Glass Back	3	15
Overmantel , fitted Bevelled Plate, Solid Oak	1	10
The Very Fine Hepplewhite Design Mahogany Sideboard	10	10

2 Very Fine Carving Chairs , with Seats Upholstered in Embossed Real Leather, and 6 Smaller Chairs to match .. at	12 12 0
DINING TABLE , extending with extra leaf, Shaped Legs, to match .. at	3 15 0
The Very Fine Bookcase , fitted large Cupboard at bottom, to match .. at	6 6 0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table , fitted Drawers down each side en suite .. at	6 15 0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee .. at	5 5 0
Set of Sheraton Design Dining-Room Furniture , consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard .. at	5 15 0
Overmantel to match .. at	1 17 6
2 Fine Carving Chairs and 6 Small, choicely upholstered in Morocco leather .. at	12 15 0
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Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete .. at	2 10 0
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Choice Overmantel , to match back of Sideboard .. at	8 15 0
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Set of Very Magnificent Dining Chairs , comprising 6 small and 2 majestic Arm Chairs, Sheraton Design Frames, inlaid with Kingwood .. at	28 10 0

DRAWING-ROOMS.

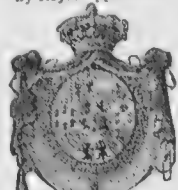
Costly Chesterfield Suite , comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk ..	25 0 0
Upright Grand Piano , Overstrung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns. ..	27 0 0
6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyne Cabinet , Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted ..	18 18 0
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A Very Costly Louis XIV. All-Brass Fender Suite ..	8 10 0
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2 smaller ditto ..	2 17 6
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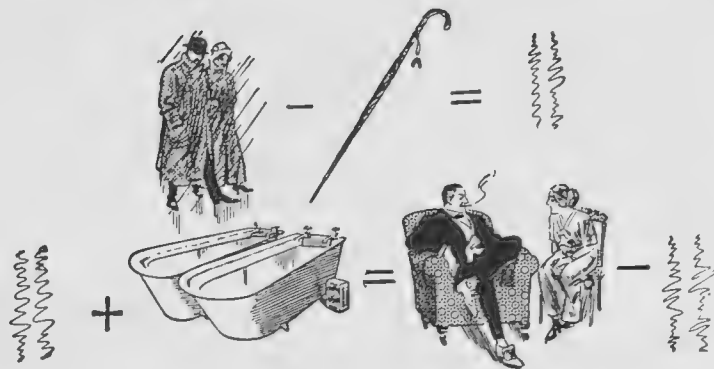


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to H.M. the King of Spain.

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 plus 2 Mustard-Baths equals
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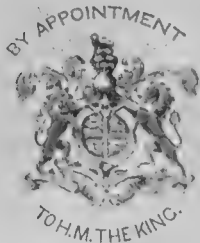
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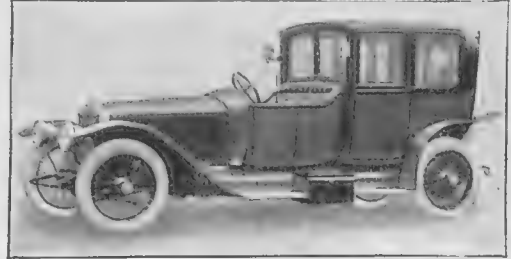
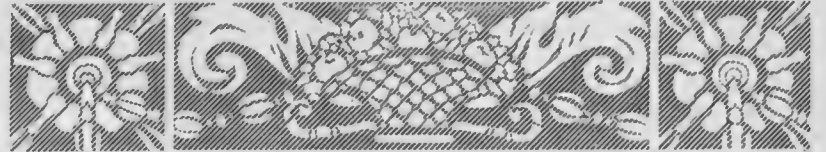
accomplished an unparalleled feat
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The average speed for 1000 miles was
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The same all-round excellence which makes it
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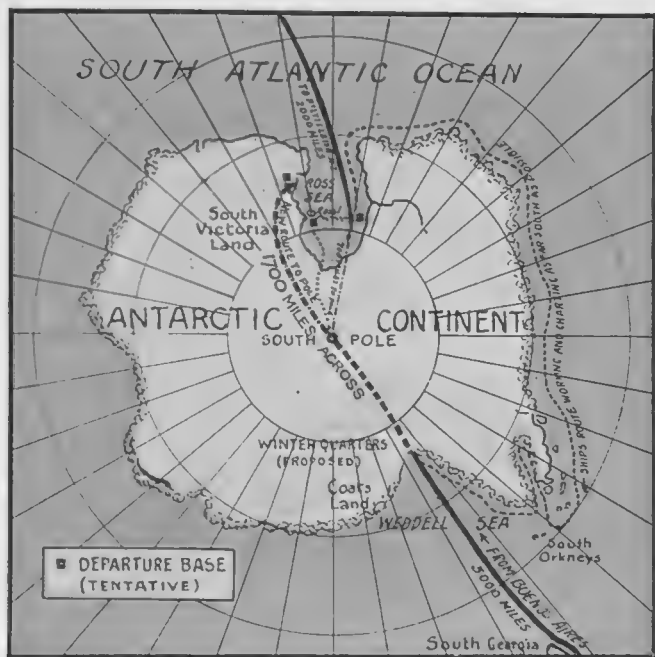
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driving light for your COMFORT AND SAFETY.

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**“I consider the question of the concentrated beef supply is most important—
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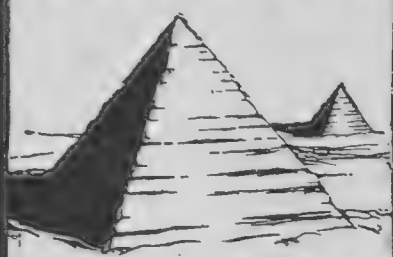
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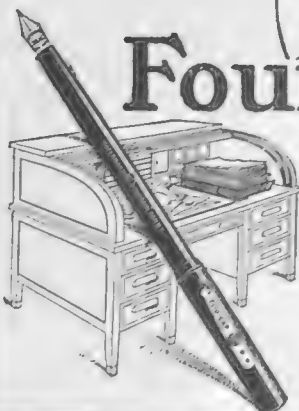
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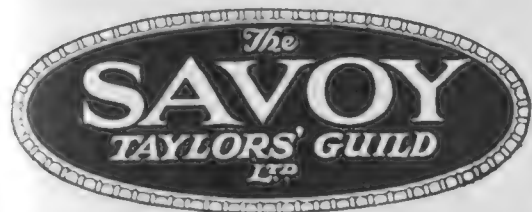
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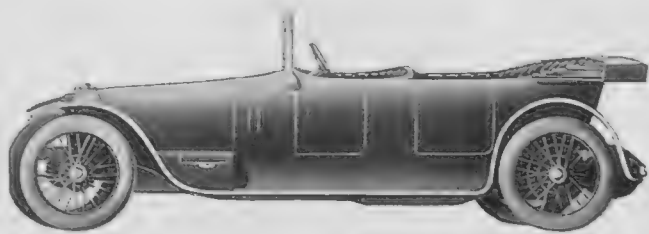
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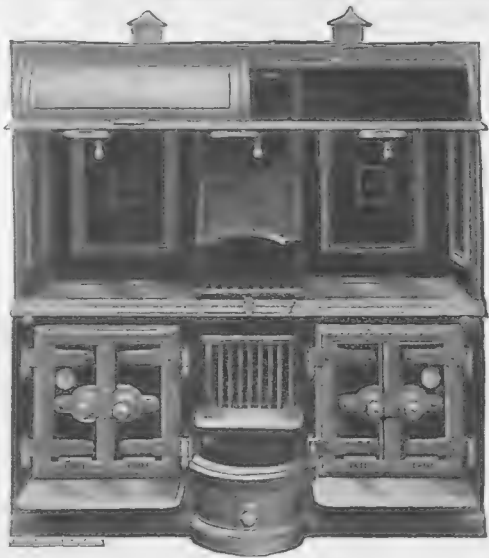
It is worthy of note that of the numerous people troubled with superfluous fat few realise the reason why they are afflicted with obesity, so perhaps the following remarks may be welcomed by many readers.

Obesity is due to a slackening of nutrition. One becomes fat because food is indifferently assimilated. All that the obese subject eats turns to fat, whereas in the normal person by the ordinary processes of digestion, food goes to the nutriment of the whole frame.

It is therefore evident that rational treatment of this ailment is to rectify the slackening of the nutrition, and this cannot be done by external methods. One medicine has given entire satisfaction to both doctor and patient, and its reputation is universal. We refer to Dr. Deschamp's "Iodhyrine," which assists the action for the secretion of bile, accelerates the weakening nutrition and facilitates respiration.

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Dr. Deschamp's Iodhyrine is obtainable at all the West End Stores and leading Chemists at 10s. a box of 60 Cachets (sufficient for a month's treatment). An interesting booklet on Obesity is obtainable gratis and post free from Dr. Deschamp's Laboratories, 59-61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.



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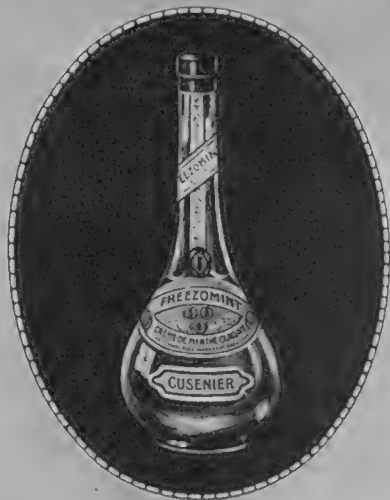
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CRÈME DE MENTHE CUSENIER

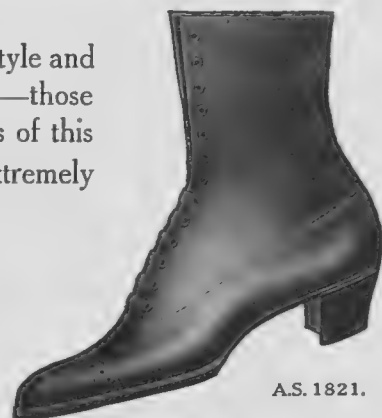
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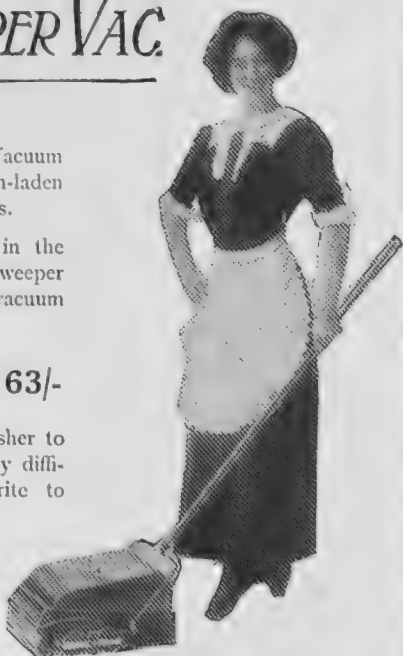
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Illustrated London News

JANUARY 31.



"PARSIFAL"

At COVENT GARDEN.

**THE BRITISH NAVY
QUESTION.**



.. THE ..

Illustrated London News

JANUARY 31.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.
EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Atlantis."

BY GERHART HAUPTMANN.
(T. Werner Laurie.)

With the coming of "Atlantis" across the threshold of that delightful doorway of Mr. Werner Laurie's, there has passed into the English world a book of beauty and terror. At first glance, and passing the leaves for mute question, as one might regard a stranger's face, there appears only a patient accumulation of detail, and some of it so childlike as to look obvious. Seen in review, with cumulative knowledge, the small commonplaces and their apparent naïveté disappear before an impressive whole, which carries the reader on a flood of poignant feeling where to suffer is more in the element than to enjoy. It is the Dostoevsky method, and Hauptmann understands its possibilities as thoroughly. German in flavour, tasting of its nationality as all great work will, it remains universal and human in essence. Never has a voyage in the modern conditions of big liners been more profoundly analysed. Briefly, it is the crossing of an ocean greyhound from Southampton to New York. The embarkation by night, outside a harbour in the open sea; the tremendous façade of the *Roland*, gigantic and black on the black waters—endless rows of round port-holes streaming out light upon a foaming field of waves—strikes at the very beginning a low, unfathomed note of fate. In comparison with this creation, this triumph, what thought Dr. Frederick, were undertakings like the Tower of Babel! The most prosaic of mortals—and Frederick was certainly not he—here had forced upon him "a piece of foolhardy romance compared with which the dreams of the poets lose colour and turn pale." From that moment to the one of terror and confusion (great as the Tower of Babel itself, while the bottle-green, mountainous waves went on indifferently rolling) in which the *Roland* went down, nothing seems to have been left out of the record. Dr. Frederick von Kam-macher was weathering a spiritual storm as strenuous as the cyclone of the Atlantic. There was a lure on board; it had called to him, and he had answered. "It seemed to Frederick as if that tremendous vessel, with its hundreds of human ants, were nothing more than the cocoon of this tiny silkworm, this delicately coloured, delicious little butterfly; as if the sixty naked helots down at the ship's bottom, shovelling coal into the white heat under the boilers, were toiling and sweating merely to be of service to this childish Venus; as if the captain and officers were the paladins of the queen, and the rest of the crew her following; as if the steerage were filled

with blindly devoted slaves; and as if the *Roland* were proudly carrying a fairy-tale from 'A Thousand-and-One Nights' across the salt desert." By which it will be seen that Frederick had it badly—and, incidentally, that Hauptmann can write in gorgeous spots when he wishes to. Most of us will be sea-sick by proxy long before the *Roland* goes down: "The cabin port-holes are dark and green Because of the seas outside; When the ship goes wop (with a wiggle between) And the steward falls into the soup-tureen, And the trunks begin to slide," is Kipling's terse version of a similar experience. But Hauptmann makes it worth while, and more than worth while. There is only one serious fault to be found, and that with nearly one half of the book—it simply should not exist. The American episode, with its second marriage, is all anti-climax. No one can bring any freshness of mind or heart to it; it is exhausted and spent, unable to answer to the helm of the most importunate author.

"Libby Ann."

BY SADIE CASEY.
(Heinemann.)

"Libby Ann" is one of those peremptory personalities who come into existence to be reckoned with, and Miss Sadie Casey makes an enthusiastic study of her from the time of her straying, a waif of a child, into the old priest's garden. The glib, soft Irish rattle flows along with barely a pause, Libby Ann usually triumphant on top, for Ballydunphy village grows articulate for us under Libby Ann's beneficent dealings. This tale of the Wexford border suggests intimacy and experience, and, though it is more an artless review of village life than a hand-to-hand struggle with the elusive problems of living and dying, it is fragrant with sentiment, and there will be found enough humour to sustain the traditions of its class. Libby Ann is several shades too perfect an abstraction in her own person—Miss Casey has touched her up too carefully—but Ballydunphy is neither niggled nor artificial.

"Prodigals and Sons."

BY JOHN AVSCOUGH.
(Chatto and Windus.)

A score or more stories are grouped under this somewhat pointless title, for one meets with people who don't appear prodigals and are certainly not sons—or, if they were, would be daughters. However—A keen sense of the picturesque has accompanied their making, much technical knowledge of how to tell a tale, and a feeling for climax. All this suggests mechanism of art, and that is the impression made by their reading; but it is good and skilful mechanism, smooth running and ingenious. Each tale may be taken in an odd ten minutes, and it is not much, profound or sublime, that one asks of such an application.

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HERBERT AND BURTIE! "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."



ZAKKURI, MINISTER OF STATE ; AND IT, HIS SHADOW : SIR HERBERT TREE AND MR. A. E. BURTIE,
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Zakkuri has a shadow which is not as that of Peter Pan ; for that of the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up is lost, whereas that of the Minister of State of 1860, obviously, cannot be lost : it follows its substance about every bit as faithfully as the shadow of every man dogs his footsteps.

Japanese Setting by "The Sketch"

HERO; HEROINE; AND SERVANT: "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."



1. THE LEADER OF THE SAMURAI; AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF TOSAN: MR. GEORGE RELPH AS KARA, THE OUTLAW; AND MISS MARIE LÖHR AS YO-SAN.

2. YO-SAN'S DUMB SERVANT: MR. PHILIP MERIVALE AS INU

3. THE OUTLAW PRINCE AND LOVER OF YO-SAN: MR. GEORGE RELPH AS KARA.

"The Darling of the Gods," which is by David Belasco and John Luther Long, was first played at His Majesty's on Dec. 28, 1903. Now it has been revived and seems likely to be very successful again. As before, Sir Herbert Tree is the Zakkuri. Miss Marie Löhr takes the place of Miss Lena Ashwell as Yo-San.

Japanese Setting by "The Sketch."

REAL AND MADE-UP: "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."



A TRUE JAPANESE AND A STAGE JAPANESE: MISS SUSSIE WATA AS NIJI-ONNA, AND MISS LUCY WILSON AS ROSY SKY, A DWELLER IN "THE CITY WITHOUT NIGHTS."

"The Darling of the Gods," at His Majesty's, is notable for the fine pictures it gives of the Japan of 1860, and gains additional significance from the fact that Mr. Yoshio Mankino supervised the manners and customs shown. The actors, too,

contrive to be very Japanese; and, in view of this, it may be noted that there is but one real Japanese in the long cast—Miss Sussie Wata, who plays Rosy Sky's maid.—[*Japanese Selling* by "The Sketch."]]

SOUGHT BY AN OUTLAW PRINCE AND A MINISTER OF



SHE FOR WHOM KARA, LEADER OF THE SAMURAI, AND ZAKKURI, MINISTER OF STATE, ARE RI

Yo-san, daughter of the Prince of Tosan,* is sought by Kara, an outlaw Prince and leader of the Samurai, and also by Zakkuri, t

Japanese Setting by "The Sketch" after a

OF STATE: THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE OF TOSAN.



RIVALS: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS YO-SAN, IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

i, the grimly genial Minister of State. Miss Marie Löhr takes the part played in the original production by Miss Lena Ashwell.

y an illustration in the theatre's leaflet.

LOOPER OF THE LOOP IN THE AIR: LADY VICTORIA PERY.



*There was a young lady named Pery,
Who looped the loop daringly, very;*

*And said, when untrammelled,
She'd been perfectly Hamel'd—*

A nerveless and sporting air-peri!

Lady Victoria Pery, only daughter of the Earl of Limerick, looped the loop in an aeroplane the other day at Hendon, as Mr. Gustav Hamel's passenger. She called her experience a sensation beyond all comparison. She further described Mr. Hamel's management of the flying-machine as wonderful, speaking of his perfect control over it. Pilot and passenger were in the air for some twenty-five minutes and looped

the loop five times. Lady Limerick, who watched the evolutions, confessed that she felt terribly nervous: her daughter, in this sense, is nerveless. Lady Victoria was born in 1893. Our photographs show her in private life, and on a flying-machine with Mr. Hamel. We must apologise for the above verses, but the inspiration of the word "Limerick" was too strong for the office bard to resist.

Photographs by Lallie Charles and Abery.

GIVEN COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVITIES, JUST LIKE A SON AND HEIR.



TWENTY-ONE THE OTHER DAY : LADY MURIEL BERTIE, ONLY CHILD OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LINDSEY—
AS HOPPNER'S "MIRANDA."

Lady Muriel Bertie was twenty-one last week, and her coming-of-age was celebrated, at Uffington House, Stamford, in manner usually reserved for sons and heirs. The tenantry and others of the estate were entertained; Lady Muriel received many

congratulations, and the tenantry presented her with a fine silver rose-bowl, with two smaller companion bowls. There were other gifts from the villagers of Uffington.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

IN KOKOSHNIK AND RUSSIAN COSTUME: AN ANGLICISED COUNTESS.



IN GARB FROM HER NATIVE COUNTRY, IN WHICH SHE IS ALMOST A "FOREIGNER": COUNTESS NADEJDA (NADA) TORBY, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND COUNTESS TORBY.

Countess Nada Torby, her sister, Countess Anastasia Torby, and her brother, Count Michael Torby, are almost as well known in England as the English Royalties, and Countess Nada is to be presented at Court this year. As we have noted, she is the

younger of the two daughters of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who marriedmorganatically Sophia, Countess of Merenberg, in February 1891, and lives in this country with his wife and children.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.